THE RUTHERFORD STAR.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD.—Davy Crockett.

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THE

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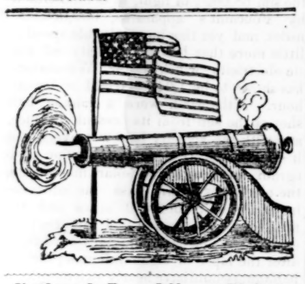

National Republican Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT.

U. S. GRANT,

OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

SCUYLER COLFAX,

OF INDIANA.

CLIPPINGS.

Rectified spirits—spirits of reformed drunkards.

What is the largest room in the world? The room for improvement.

Why was Herod's wife a Fenian? Because she had a head sent her.

Why is a dog's tail a great novelty!—Because no one ever saw it before.

Why is your nose in the middle of your face? Because it is the center.

When is a blow from a lady welcome?—When she strikes you agreeably.

A Western paper is responsible for the suggestion that the ballet girls are wrongs which should be redressed.

A Western Editor says that in smoky Pittsburg men kiss each others wifes, and are able to tell which is their own, only by the taste.

"Pa," said a little friend of ours, "what's the use of giving our little pigs so much milk? they make hogs of themselves." Pa walked away.

The young lady who was discharged from a pickle factory because she was so sweet the vinegar would not act, has found employment in a candy factory.

"Pompey, what makes you have no wool on your head?" "Wal, Julius, I was out West 'bout two months ago, and de way I got ball was, de gals used to ont dare pull me in dere windows by de top ob de head.

"Hans," said the Judge to a Dutchman, who was a witness in the case of a stolen pig, "had the animal any ear marks?"—"Vel, de only ear vat I see vas mit his tail cut off."

A young lady at school, engaged in the study of grammar, was asked if "kiss" was a common or proper noun. After some hesitation, she replied, "It is both common and proper."

Josh Billings correctly remarks:—"Success in life iz very apt tew make us forget the time when we wasn't much. It iz just so with the frog on the jump; he kan't remember when he was a tadpole—but other folks can."

"Sir, your account has stood for two years, and I must have it settled immediately." To which the customer replied:—"Sir, things usually do settle by standing; I regret that my account is an exception.—If it has been standing so long, suppose you let it run awhile."

POETRY.

Gen U. S. Grant.

A CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

Come all ye loyal Democrats,
Whose hearts are right and true,
Who rallied round the Union flag
And battled for the blue.

When Treason raised its impious hand
To rend that flag in two,
You rallied with the Union bands
And battled for the blue.

When under Grant the day was won
And rebels got their due,
You helped to gain the victory
And shouted for the blue.

And when our honest President
The bold assassin slew,
You mourned the sad calamity,
And sorrow-draped the blue,

Fresh courage then the traitors took
Their treason to renew,
And by the ballot and the Klan
To fight against the blue.

The contest wages now as fierce
As that of sixty-two,
And Grant is in the field again
To battle for the blue.

The Copperhead and rattlesnake
Lead on the traitor crew,
But Grant and Colfax are the chiefs
That lead the boys in blue.

Come rally round the flag again,
Till victory ensue,
And let your ballots at the polls,
Do battle for the blue.

ORIGINAL STORY.

THE RIVAL LOVERS,

BY ALPHA DE CAPPA.

CHAPTER II.

GEORGE R. PELHAM.

One of Dr. Mason's oldest and truest friends had been James Pelham. When they were boys at school together they were bosom friends, and time only strengthened the regard each had for the other. Pelham bought a plantation near Mason Hall, and they were in manhood what they had been in youth—inseparable companions. Both married, and Pelham had an only son.—Mason an only daughter. When George Pelham, the only son, was ten years of age, and Ella Mason, the only daughter, was two, their respective fathers took it into their heads to unite their interest of mind and matter, by writing their children in marriage. The wedding day was fixed—fifteen years in the future. Time, as he moved on, wrought many changes. He laid the heads of James Pelham and his wife, side by side, beneath the willows in the valley, and snatched from Dr. Mason's arms, the wife of his youth. His fostering hand had changed George Pelham from a puny boy into a proud and handsome man, and had led Ella Mason safely through the dangers of childhood and youth, and placed her upon that starting point in the race of womanhood—sweet sixteen.

A few days before the arrival of Eugene Harrington at Mason Hall, George Pelham had started to New York on business.—What that business was, few knew; and none were willing to risk incurring Pelham's displeasure by inquiring; but none suspected him of any mean action, and Dr. Mason's confidence in him was great. Does the reader desire a better acquaintance with Pelham? If so, we will give you an insight into his character.

"Hello! George Pelham, come over and shake hands with a fellow. When did you get back from New York?"

"Have not got back yet. Only on my way."

"You cannot get home to-night. Stay with me, and we will have a jolly time."

"I do not feel like having a jolly time to-night," said Pelham, as the other crossed the street and took his arm.

"Why! you look as blue as thunder.—How did that Speck turn out?"

"A clean burst. Lost the whole of it—ten thousand."

"Is it possible! That is too bad! But you have plenty left."

"Yes. I have plenty left for present use, and more in view. Here, let's turn in and take a drink."

"More in view! Perhaps it will turn out like this speculation.

"No danger of that. You know what I am alluding to—Ella Mason."

"Yes, I know. But you had better look sharp in that quarter."

"Why! what do you mean? asked Pelham excitedly.

"There is a young lawyer from Raleigh at the Hall—has been for two or three weeks, and it is reported they are going to marry."

"Humph! Reported!" You frightened me. I thought something had leaked out to the old man. I have got Ella Mason safe.—She does not love me half as well as she should, as I have told you before; but I have old Mason on my side. He and my father arranged this marriage more than a dozen years ago; and as long as I desire it, he would not break it off to save his own life."

"Well, here's success to you," said his companion, draining a glass of fiery liquor—"When does the young lady fall into your possession?"

"It will be twelve months yet. She is only sixteen this spring."

"But how if she objects?"

"She will not object. She has too much respect, and fear too, for her father, than to disobey him, even if her tender conscience would permit."

"Her tender conscience! Pooh! Is she so religious?"

"Yes. Her christian graces are the greatest objection I have to her; however, I will cure her of that when I get to be her lord and master."

"Going to be cruel to her—eh?"

"Not a bit of it. I will place her in wild company and she will become wild by the force of example. Women cannot be religious in wicked company any more than men can. They are as easily influenced as men are, and I never saw a man yet that I could not turn."

"I stand a living proof of your power to do evil," laughed the other. "I was a civil boy until you found me out."

And Hervey Sanford was, but since becoming acquainted with George Pelham, he had become his right hand man in all wickedness

"Gamaeon! It was your own wicked heart that led you into evil. But come, let us go up to Branton's and try our skill to-night. My cash on hand is getting low."

Half an hour afterward they were seated at a table in Branton's Gaming House; but none except the initiated knew that this was a gaming house. The multitude thought this was the residence of an eminent lawyer of great respectability.

"The next morning Pelham arrived at home. After a hurried examination into the state of affairs on his plantation, he mounted his horse and rode towards Mason Hall. The presence of a young man, on terms of intimacy with Ella Mason, disturbed him; and he resolved forthwith to banish him. Riding up to the massive front gate a bright mulatto boy met him."

"Well Tom, how goes things?"

"Very well sir. All's right with us."

"Where is Dr. Mason?"

"Down at the mill, seeing to things down there."

"And Ella?"

She went off this morning like she was going to the lake, and hasn't come back yet.

"And that fellow——what is his name?"

"Mr. Harrington? He has been gone all morning too. Don't know where he went to."

"They were not together then?"

"No, but Lor' they could get together mighty easy. They are together most all the time these days."

The boy looked at Pelham with a sharp glance, and seeing the effect of his words, knew how to proceed. "He is all the time hanging 'round her. I'm glad you come back."

"Why? what difference does it make to you?"

"Why, it makes a heap of difference,—Miss Ella belongs to you, and we all belong to you with her; and it ain't right for you to be knocked out of Miss Ella, by a man Lor' knows where."

Pelham laughed, good humoredly, at Tom's unmistakeable loyalty to him, and then said—

You need not be at all uneasy Tom, I'll give the sleek young cuss his travelling papers, if he gets in my way. Here, put up my horse, you need not say anything about my being here until I come back. Step; here's a quarter for you."

"Thank'ee sir" and Tom moved off with alacrity saying, as he turned and saw Pelham take the path leading to the lake—"He'll catch'em, and I hope he will. He's a nice gentleman and he ain't going to be outwitted that's afact."

There were others—many others, who said with Tom, He's a nice gentleman—for there was a facination in his black eyes, and handsome face, which wear the hearts of those he choose to make his friends. But he was selfish, supremely selfish, and the happiness of others was a small thing with him, when it conflicted with his own wishes.

On the morning of the day of George Pelham's arrival at Mason Hall, Ella was dressed when the first rays of the sun peeped into her chamber, and she descended into the garden to enjoy the beauties of the spring morning. Birds were singing joyously in the trees and nature, both animate and inanimate seemed in her happiest mood.

Ella sat down on the moss covered seat beneath the rose tree, where she had met Eugene Harrington on the morning after his first arrival at Mason Hall. The happy days they had passed together rose to remembrance; and she felt that they were drawing to a close. She knew that George Pelham would soon return home, and then there would be more solitary rambles with Eugene Harrington. But why did she care? Did she love Mr. Harington better than she did her affinanced husband? Then for the first time the truth burst upon her, She loved Eugene, loved him with all the gentle, unchanging affection of her last mother's quiet nature, all the wild passion of her father's fiercer spirit, and she bowed her head, amid nature's rejoicings, and wept.—But why did she weep? Alas! she soon saw that this love would only bring sorrow and bitterness into her life—perhaps into his also; for what was before them but an eternal separation.

But Ella Mason was not a girl to long give way to useless tears. She calmed herself, and after reflection, resolved to tell Eugene that she was not mistress of her hand, that she belonged to another "He will leave me then," see thought, "and will soon forget that he ever loved me," for she would have been blind indeed if she had not detected his love for her which grew stronger each day. They met at the breakfast table; where Dr Mason entertained them, with stories of his school boy days, with Eugene's father; an employment of which he never tried, when he was with Eugene, and which was very interesting to the young man.

After breakfast she sat down at the piano, expecting Eugene to join her in her morning's music lesson, as was his usual custom. But he did not come. She lingered awhile, mechanically playing familliar airs, while her thoughts were far from the sheet before her. Then she took up a book, and endeavored to divert her mind from the painful thoughts that oppressed her; but she hardly knew the subject she was reading. A feeling of loveliness stole over her "was it because Eugene was soon to be banished by her own hand," she asked herself. "How could she bear to be separated from him forever? The thought oppressed her, and she snatched up a book, and wandered off toward the lake, as she had done in former days. She sat down in a cavity of the heug, moss covered stone, in the Bower. She was looking drearily out on the glassy surface of the lake, when the sound of approaching footsteps broke her revery. Turning, she saw Eugene Harrington, strolling listlessly along the sandy beach, smoking a cigar; with his hands clasped carelessly behind him. Eugene was deeply, passionately in love with Ella Mason; and the "little God Cupid" had him bound, and helpless at her feet. But, like other young men, he labored under the erroneous notion, that he was acting on his own free will in the matter, and could love her, or not, just as he choose. He knew that Eller loved him, he knew that, before the artless girl knew it herself; and he before making formal declaration of his love. He supposed that there were, perhaps, obstacles to surmount, before he could claim her hand; but his sanguine nature knew no such word as fail. He had won her heart—that was the principal thing other abstacles could be easily overcome.

Ah! young man, thought you have won her affections, there is a gulf between you, of which you do not dream, and which you need not expect to cross.

When he drew near the Bower, he observed Ella, and throwing away his cigar, came and seated himself beside her.

"I hope I am not intruding," he said pleasantly.

And Ella assured him he was not. And then they talked lightly, on all describeable subjects, except the one which was uppermost in the minds of both. At last they unconsciously became silent—Eugene was tracing letters in the sand before him with a stick, and was, half a dozen times, at the point of declaring his love.

Ella had relapsed into that dreary attitude in which Eugene found her. At last she drew a picture from her pocket, and handing it to Eugene asked him in what she meant to be a careless tone, what he thought of that person adding—"You say you always form an opinion of a person when you first see him.

He scruteneyed the picture, and then looked at her. Her face was turned away, towards the lake, but she felt that look of inquiry.

"Who is it?"—he asked at last.

"Mr George Pelham," She did not look at him; she kept her eyes fixed on the sheet of water before her; but she knew the light was breaking upon him.

Is—is he— Eugene dared not ask the question.

"He is my affianced husband"—she said calmly. But her heart was not beating so calmly. It was painful to her to speak thus, and dissolve her first love dream in a single sentence. But true to her womans nature it pained her worse to know that she was giving him pain. Still it must be done; and she was not a girl to shrink from duty, be it never so hard. She glanced at him, after she said this, and saw that there was a conflict going on within him. He was debating in his own mind whether to give her up or not. Ella's heart rebelled for the moment, when she saw the struggle and she hoped he would not. But it was only a moment.

It was at this moment that George Pelham drew near the Bower. He expected to find them there, and was walking with noiseless stept towards it. His ear caught Eugene's next words, and he paused. Then growing more anxious to hear this conversation he crept into a clump of laurel bushes, not twelve feet from the entrance of the Bower, but which was hid from those within.

"Do you love him?" asked Eugene after several minutes had passed.

"You have no right to ask a question"—said Ella turning her eyes on him, with a look of gentle reproach.

"Perhaps I have not in one sense, but in another I have. I love you; and I feel like all hope for the future will depend on your.

Ella's fingers played nervously with the leaves of the volume in her lap, a moment, and then she answered.

"Mr Harrington, there is no one in the world I would do more for, than for you; but if I hated Mr Pelham; and loved you, with all heart, it could not change our future" She looked at his inquiring face, and contintinued"—When I was an infant, my hand was promised to George Pelham. My father is not a man to change his mind, or break his word when and pledged. It would be useless to interfere. Leave me, You will soon forget me, and it will be better for us both."

So spoke the young girl though her heart bled for him.

"But," said Eugene—"if Dr Mason will give his consent—may I then hope?"

"He will never consent."

"But there is a possibility—remote perhaps—but still a possibility that he will Ella" he said, and his tones grew soft and eloquent—"Ella, I cannot give you up.—Will you not promise me this,"

"Mr Hrrington" said Ella as tears came into her eyes—"you know I would not willingly refuse you anything. You do not know my father, as I do. He will never change."

"I can only try, if he does not object, you will be mine"—Eugene persisted, "say you will then be mine."

"I will"

George Pelham, in his hiding place, ground his teeth with rage when he heard this. But he would have been more furious had he seen his future bride clasped to Eugene's bosom, and that promise sealed with love's sweetest, holiest kiss.

The conversation now became so low that Pelham could not understand it. In vain he leaned forward to catch the low, murmured words. His curiosity and rage combined, were getting the better of his prudeney, and he was on the point of creeping yet nearer, when Ella arose, saying—"We must return. It is the hour for dinner."

They walked slowly homeward, passing so near Pelham's hiding place that he cowered to the earth to escape detection,

When they had disappeared around the cliff, he crept from his ambush and stretched himself to recover the use of his limbs; for his crouching position so long maintained, had been anything but comfortable.

"Something must be done, and that speedily," he muttered, as he hurried off a shorter way towards the Hall—"I am not going to loose Ella, with all the advantages attending her because this rascal takes a fancy to her."

He was lounging carelessly in the parlor when Ella and Eugene entered. Ella blushed with conscious embarrassments on his discovering her with Eugene. But he was fully prepared to meet them, and was very polite and agreeable, not only to Ella, but also to Eugene, who was introduced to him as an old friend of Dr. Mason's.

When Dr. Mason came up to dinner Pelham met him in the yard. After congratulating him on his safe arrival home, Mason asked,

"And how do like this young Harrington?"

"He is a nice looking young man. Well calculated to deceive."

"What! Do you think he is a deceiver?"

"I know it."

"But how? In what respect? Is he assuming a false name?"

"No. It is as regards his intentions that he is deceiving you."

"And what are his intentions?" asked Mason, a little uneasily.

"Excuse me. As I am personally very much interested in this affair, perhaps I should not speak of it."

"I insist on your explaining yourself, urged the other.

"Then I will explain myself. I have means of knowing that his sole business up here is to secure your estate, by marrying your daughter." Seeing Dr. Mason's incredulous look he added warmly, "If you desire to take her from me and —"

"Fiddlesticks!"—interrupted Mason—"I cannot believe Eugene Harrington guilty of such underhanded treachery. Your love for the girl has prejudiced you against him.

"Then seeing Pelham's injured look he added hastily—"I have no right to question your veracity. I will inform Harrington that such an idea, if he entertains it, is useless. I have promised Ella's hand to you. Is not that enough? Did you ever know me to break a promise?" At this moment the dinner bell rang, and the conversation ended.

From a window Eugene saw the gentlemen meet; and rightly supposing from their manner and gestures that they were speaking of him, and that Pelham was most probably trying to prejudice Dr. Mason against him, he resolved to not delay urging his suit for Ella's hand; knowing that delay would only give Pelham time to injure him more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Babe of Heaven.

"Does you love God?"

The question came from a sweet pair of lips. Opposite sat a young gentleman of striking exterior. He and the child were traveling in a stage coach. The latter sat on her mother's knee. Her little face, beautiful beyond description, looked out from a frame of delicate lace-work. For four hours the coach had been toiling on over an unequal road; and the child had been very winning in her little ways—lisping songs; lifting her bright blue eyes to her mother's face; then falling back, in a little old fashioned, contented way, into her mother's arms, saying, by the mute action, "I am happy here."

For more than an hour the dear babe, scarce yet entering the threshold of her fifth year, had been answering the smiles of the young man, who had been pleased with her beauty. He had nodded his head to her little tunes; he had offered her his pearl-handled penknife to play with; and, at last, his heart went over to her at every glance. The mild blue eyes, full of the innocence of a holy and a trusting faith made his pulses leap with a purer joy; and as the coach rattled on, he began to wish the end of the journey not so very near.

The child had been sitting for the last fifteen minutes regarding the young man with a glance that seemed almost solemn; neither smiling at his caresses nor at the dear face that bent above her.

A thoughtfulness seemed to spread over the young brow that had never yet been shadowed by care; and as the coach stopped at the inn-door, and the passengers moved uneasily, preparatory to leaving, she bent toward the young man, and lisped, in her childish voice, these words:—"Does you love God?"

He did not understand at first, in the confusion, and bent over nearer, and the voice asked again, clearly, almost eagerly, "Does you love God" The thoughtful inquiring eyes, meantime, beaming into his own.

The young man drew back hastily blushing up to the very roots of his hair. He looked in a sort of confused, abrupt way at the child, who, frightened at his manner, had hidden her face in her mother's bosom; turned to the coach door; gave another look back, as if he longed to see her face; and then he left the coach.

He hurried to his hotel; but the little voice went with him. There seemed an echo in his heart, constantly repeating the question of the child, "Does you love God?"

Several gay young men met at the hotel. They appeared to have been waiting for him, and welcomed him with mirth that was almost boisterous. They had prepared an elegant supper; and after he had been to his room, escorted him to the table. The full gleam of the gas fell upon the glittering furniture; and wines threw shadows of a lustrous crimson hue athwart the snowy linen. There were mirth, wit, faces lighted with pleasure—everything to charm the eye and please the palate; but the young man was conscious of a void never experienced before. His heart ached to see the child again; and ever and anon he seemed to hear her words, "Does you love God?"

His name was Gilbert. Only twenty-three years of age; he was a good scholar, and esteemed by his friends a genius. Already had he made his mark as a writer, but he had never thought, as he thought to night, on the solemn import of that simple question, "Does you love God?"

It came to him when he held the red wine to his lips; it was heard among the clatter of the billiards-balls, and the shouts of merry laughter that filled the wide room everywhere. Whichever way he turned, he saw the earnest glance of the blue-eyed child, heard the low voice singing; the low voice laughing, the low voice asking thrillingly, "Does you love God?"

It followed him to his bedside He had tried to drown it in wine, in song, in careless levity. He strove to sleep it away, but heard it in his dreams.

The next night he met a fashionable friend. He was to take her to some place of pleasure. She was very beautiful in dazzling robing. The gleam of pearls and the lustres of silk and lace vied with each other to enhance her lovliness; but even as she came sailing into the room with smiles upon her young red lips and a welcome in her words, there came, too, floating noiselessly at her side, the presence of that angel child. The better feelings her innocent presence had wakened were yet warm; and, before he knew it the young man said, quickly and earnestly, "Does you love God?"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the young girl, with a starting of surprise.

"I was thinking, as you came in, of a lovely child I saw yesterday," he replied.

"As I was in the act of leaving the coach, she suddenly looked up, and asked me that question.

"And what, pray, put it into the child's head? What did you answer?"

"I am ashamed to say, I was not prepared with an answer," replied the young man, casting down his eyes,

That night pleasure had no gratification for him. His feet trod languidly the mazes of the dance; his smiles were forced; and more than once, it was said to him, "He does not seem himself."

No; he was not like the gay, thoughtless self of former years. There was a still pool lying in his bosom, the waters of which had never before been disturbed. Now a little child had dropped a pebble in and the vibration was to go on through eternity.

* * * * * *

Dust-soiled and travel-weary, thoughtful man walked through the principal street of a large western city. As he walked on, apparently absorbed in his own meditations, his eye accidentally encountered a face looking down from the window of a handsome house. His whole countenance suddenly altered. He paused an instant, looking eagerly at the window; and in another moment his hand was on the bell handle. He was ushered into the very room where sat the lady of the house.

"You will pardon my intrusion," he said, "but I could not pass by, after seeing you accidentally at the window. I have never forgotten you nor your little girl, who, five years ago, in a stage coach, put to me the artless question, "Does you love God?" Do you remember?"

"I think I do," said the lady smilingly, "from the circumstance that you seemed so much startled and confused; but my dear child asked almost every person with whom we met that or similar questions."

"Her innocent face is engraven on my heart," said the young man with much emotion. "Never, since that day, have I been tempted to do that which my conscience would not sanction, but the earnest, serious gaze with which she regarded me before she asked me that question, has come to my mind. Would she remember me, do you think? Absurd should remember her anywhere, under any circumstances. Can I not see her, madam? Is she at home with you? I long to take her in my arms, and hear once more the voice that God has used to draw my heart to Him."

Strange that, in his eagerness, he did not notice that paling cheek, the quiver of the mother's lips; the sudden placing of her hand against her heart! Strange also that he did not mark the absence of pattering feet; of little gentle indications that a child's fingers had been busy in the room about him.

Suddenly as he ceased speaking, there came over him a startling consciousness. He saw the tear-stained cheek turned toward the window; he noticed the garments of sombre hue; *he heard the silence* reigning within.

"Madam—is—the child——?"

"She is in heaven," came low and brokenly from the trembling lips.

The young man sank back on his seat, agitated, dumb—sorrowful that he had so rudely torn open the still bleeding wound in that womanly breast.

"This is sad tidings," he said, after a long pause, and his voice was troubled. "Dear little angel! she is, then, speaking to me from the grave."

The mother arose, and beckoned him to follow her. Into a little hallowed chamber she went, where, in a case, were the books the child loved, her Bible, her beautiful rewards, her childish toys.

"There," said the mother, now quite broken down, and sobbing as she spoke, "there is all that is left on earth of precious Nettie."

"No, Madam; that is not all that is left; I am a monument of God's mercy, made so through her holy influence. Before she asked me that question on that eventful day, my mind was a chaos of doubts, of bewilderment and conflicting errors. I had dared to question the existence of an Almighty Creator. I had defiantly thrown my taunts at Him, who, in great forbearance, has forgiven me.—My influence for evil was unlimited, because men looked up to me, and chose me for their leader. I was going the downward path, groping blindly in a labarinth of error, and dragging others with me. Madam, by this time I might have been a debanchee, a libertine; a God-defying wretch, but for her unlooked for question, "Does you love God?"

"O that voice! that look! that almost infinite sorrow! that divine pity, that, through her, glanced into my soul! Madam these tears bear witness that your child left more than precious dust and perishing toys."

Utterly broken down, the strong man wept like a child. All he said was true; for he held the hearts of men in his hands. In genius he was one of the strong ones of the earth; and all that powerful mind was engaged in spreading the tidings of man's salvation through Jesus Christ.

Oh! little children do a mighty work.

Reader, in the sweet accents of that babe of heaven, is there not a voice in your heart asking "Does you love God?"

Profane Swearing.

No man who habitually uses the gift of speech to dishonor the name of Him who bestowed it can rightfully claim society the respect and consideration due to a Christian gentleman. The vice of swearing is however, so common, that were all men who indulge in it shunned and denounced by all who abstain from it, there would unquestionably be a very large majority of the proscribed black sheep over the seceding white ones. The voice of the people is not in all cases the voice of God, and this is one of the exceptions. The best thing the moral minority can do under the circumstances is, not to proscribe their offending brethren, but to endeavor to reform them. Few who are guilty of blasphemy are hardy enough to defend it. The evil of the habit is confessed by thousands who are addicted to it, and they endeavor to excuse a practice which they do not attempt to justify, by saying that it is involuntary—that they would be glad to abandon it, but cannot. This is a mistake. Any bad habit may be overcome by persistent watchfulness and a resolute will.

Profane swearing is a vice as ancient as it is odious. It was probably as great a nuisance in Jerusalem two thousand years ago as it is in New York to-day. In the Mosaic ritual Judicial oaths were perscribed a heavy penalty attached to perjury. But in process of time the solemnity of an oath was disregarded and "the chosen people" began to swear conversationally, by the earth, the heavens, the stars, their heads and even by their eyes and limbs, as vulgar ruffians do now. In vain the priesthood censured them. They went on from bad to worse until the practice became so general that the Founder of Christianity found it necessary to admonish his disciples on the subject, and to restrict them in their colloquial assertions and disclaimers to "yea" and "nay."

Wear a Smile

Which will you do, smile and make others happy, or be crabbed, and make every body round you miserable? You can live among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire surrounded by fogs and frogs.

The amount of happiness which you can produce is incalculable, if you will show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand by sour looks, cross words, and a fretful disposition, you can make hundreds unhappy almost beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your eye, and love glow in your fore head. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest and at morning when you rise and through the day when

The Star.

J. P. [illegible] CARPENTER, Editor,

P. W. LOGAN, Associate Editor. *

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

Saturday, Aug. 15, 1868.

Agents.

The following named gentlemen are hereby authorized to act as agents for the STAR, to receive and receipt for subscriptions, advertising, &c.:

S. M. Pettingill & Co.,—37 Park Row, New York, and 10 State Street, Boston, Mass.
N. B. HAMPTON, Polk County, N. C.
R. S. ABRAMS, Columbus, "
JAS. H. DUNCAN, Marion, "
W. A. MCCALL, North Carolina, "
A. W. SULLENS, Spruce Pine, Mitchell co.
REV. WM. LOGAN, Chimney Rock.
J. E. MCFARLAND, Duncans Creek.

PREMIUMS.

To any Person who will send us a Club for the STAR of 3 Subscribers with $6, we will give a Copy of the **Working Farmer,** *1 Year, price* $1 50.

For 5 Subscribers and $10, we will give a Copy of the **Church Union,** *1 year, Price* $2 50.

For 6 Subscribers and $12, we will give a Copy of the **National Freemason,** *1 Year, price* $4 00.

National Republican Ticket

FOR PRESIDENT

GEN. U. S. GRANT,

OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX,

OF INDIANA.

The Militia Bill.

The bill creating a special militia for the preservation of the peace, and to enforce the Laws, passed the House on the 6th inst. It provides that the number of said militia shall not exceed fifty to each member of the House of Representatives, unless the Governor shall consider that number unsufficient to enforce the Laws. There shall be a Captain for each company, and a Lieut. for each platoon of fifty; but when the company is composed of only fifty men, there shall be no Lieutenant. There shall be a Sergeant for each ten men; there shall be an Adjutant General at the pay of one hundred dollars per month. The Captains shall receive three dollars, Lieutenants two dollars, and Privates one dollar per day while in actual service, and the same shall be paid by any Town, City or County in which any riot or violence shall occur which may necessitate the calling out of said militia. A Judge, Justice of the Peace, Sheriff or Deputy, County or Town Constable, or any County Commissioner shall have power to call out the militia, and the said militia shall be under the command of the Governor; that the white and colored militia shall not be compelled to serve in the same sections.

The above contains all the important provisions of the bill. We should have published the bill in full, but from a private letter learn, that a substitute for the bill was adopted by the Senate; the provisions of which we did not learn.

The rebel press of the State have made a considerable fuss over the expenses that the people would have to pay; but from the bill itself we may see that if every body keeps quiet it will not cost us much; but should it be necessary to call out the militia, the Town, City or County in which violence should be used, requiring the calling out, will be required to pay the bill which might be heavy.

The Republicans, we think, will not have any use for the militia being called out, so if our Conservative Democratic friends will behave themselves it will all be well. "We shall see, what we shall see."

☞ Why is it that all the Bomb-proof officers in the late war, are for Seymour and Blair, while those soldiers who did the fighting, are for Grant and Colfax.

How the Ethiopean may Change his Skin.

If a colored citizen is a Republican, favoring the equal rights in personal and political privileges of his own people, the Conservatives call him a "d—d nigger." But let him be as black as the ace of spades or hell, and vote the Democratic ticket, and he forthwith becomes a "colored person." At the Convention which nomtnated Etheridge for Governor, the first and most honored speaker—the one who had the post of honor—was Joe Williams, a negro as black as the devil himself, who had served a term in the Pennsylvania Penitentiary for stealing. After Joe made his speech, Capt. John Baxter, of Knoxville, (late Commander of the bush-whacking company which went to Strawberry Plains to kill the Union bridge-burners,) "spoke a piece." He turned to the Penitentiary black thief, and making his politest bow, said: "I endorse the remarks of my colored *friend!*" Then Baxter used the word "colored," and was proud to claim the *Penitentiary* jail bird as his "friend." Now he says "d—d nigger."

There is more truth than poetry in the above extract from *Brownlow's Whig*. The people of this County have seen the same thing illustrated. Conservatives here declared that they would never register before a board on which a *kinky* headed negro set, but they did; that they never would serve on a Jury with a *nigger*, but they have done so; that they would die before they would go to the Polls and vote with a black negro, yet they have done this; and that before they would disgrace themselves to electioneer with a set of illiterate, long heeled, flat nosed baboon (and we can't recollect it all) niggers, they would do I don't know what; yet in the *great Seymour* [illegible] *ratification* [illegible] *Blair Union Club, forming Conservative Democratic meeting of 27th July.* They not only condescended to call these baboons *colored* men, but asked them to join their Seymour and Blair clubs. "O consistency, thou art a Jewel," but one that will never be found in the Conservative Democratic party.

☞ Show me a man who wanted every man to go to the war to fight for slavery, and I will show you a man who supports Seymour and Blair.

Rebel Organizations.

The Legislature of Tennessee has been convened in extraordinary session, and the Maryville *Republican*, in an editorial in relation to the same, says:

"In brief, the Legislature has been convened for the holy purpose of calling out a sufficient force of the State Militia to protect the rights of loyal citizens, against the murderous purposes of the disloyal element of the State from whose hands the war-like weapons have been so recently wrested by the loyal arms.

From the evidence before the country, who can doubt that the armies of Forrest, Wheeler, Cheatham, and in short every thing that had a rebel military organization during the rebellion, has that same organization secretly kept up to-day only in better and more compact form, ready at any moment to burst forth and bathe their polluted hands in the blood of American patriots. We know that this organization exists in every county of Tennessee, though weak in some, yet formidably strong in others, notwithstanding the oft repeated denial of the same."

Does such an organization exist in North Carolina? By reading the Conservative papers of the State, and noticing their incendiary tone, we can but fear that they have at least, in some portions of the State, some kind of a secret organization. This is to be deplored by all law-abiding citizens of whatever party. We can't think that their organization amounts to much in this portion of the State, as a great majority of the Conservatives are law-abiding men—men who desire that political issues shall be settled at the ballot box, and we have thought it one of the strongest things imaginable that such men can and will associate with leaders who they know would destroy this Government to-day, if they had the power. Is it possible that they cannot see where their leaders are carrying them? Read Blair's letter, you, who desire to see Law and order maintained; think of what Zeb Vance meant when he said "that the South would gain in the election of Seymour what they lost by the force of arms!" What do these things teach? Are they not the intimations of leaders that let them get the power, and they will rule by Mob Law? Will Conservatives, who desire peace, follow these men further? We have other sayings of these Conservative Democratic leaders, fixing their identity more closely with these secret organizations, which we shall give to the public from time to time. With Seymour and Blair elected, we will have this reign of terror; but we can't believe they can succeed, and with Grant and Colfax elected, these secret organizations will amount to nothing! Then, to one and all, choose ye which you want—Grant and peace—or Seymour and war!!

☞ Shall we have Ku Klux Klans riding through the country murdering and pillaging. Those who want such things will vote for Seymour and Blair.

RUTHERFORD,

Immense out-pouring of the worth, intelligence and respectability of this county, at Rutherfordton, on the 27th of July. Dr. O. P. Gardner presided, and Messrs. J. L. Carson and S. P. Erwin were Secretaries. Patriotic resolutions were adopted. Addresses were made by Rev. Dr. May, Dr. L. Eaves, and Dr. Gardner. Sub-committees for each election precinct in the county were appointed. A Seymour and Blair Club was organized, with a large number of enrolled members; and delegates were appointed to the approaching State Convention."

We clip the above from our copy of the *Sentinel*, as an item of news, and also to say, that he has too many Dr's. on the list; but this is the way they do things; and we have been surprised that they have not dubbed the colored gentleman who joined their club, with Hon., Gen. Dr. Alfred Bryan.

☞ Grant and Colfax—peace and prosperity. Seymour and Blair—war and bloodshed. These are the platforms; choose ye which you desire.

BURKES WEEKLY.—We have received the numbers for the 1st and 8th of August, of this interesting weekly for boys and girls, which contains a card from Rev. Mr. Baird, announcing that arrangements have been made, whereby the *Southern Boy's and Girl's Monthly*, lately published at Richmond, Va., has been merged into Burke's Weekly, for boys and girls.

The weekly presents a very handsome appearance, and no parent could invest for their little ones two dollars which would give them more information or real pleasure than a years subscription to this paper.

Address. J. W. BURKE & CO.
Macon, Ga.

FRUIT DRYING.—The high tax upon distillers will, no doubt, prevent much fruit from being distilled. We would, therefore, advise our farmers to take advantage of the present fine weather and have their fruit dried. Messrs. J. A. Miller & Co., have received letters from Baltimore, stating that dried peaches will command good prices. Then, you that have peaches and other fruits, would do well to dry them. Messrs. J. A. Miller & Co., will buy the fruit when properly dried, and will give any information in relation to drying it for market.

THE LEGISLATURE.—Owing to a press of other matter, we have been compelled to neglect giving a synopsis of the proceedings of that body up to date; and as they will adjourn next Monday, we do not expect to publish any more of the proceedings unless of an important character; but shall try and get in our next, the caption of Laws passed during the session.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—See the advertisement of this paper in another column.—Any of our friends who desire a reliable Republican paper from New York, would do well to subscribe for the *Tribune*.

BROWNLOW'S WHIG.—We place on our exchange list with pleasure, this true and tried exponent of Republican principles. There is not a paper in the United States that can show up the Conservative party better than the *Whig*. He knows how, and we say to him, "Lay on MacDuff."

THE ENTERPRISE.—The first number of this paper published at this place, made its appearance last Wednesday. The tone of Dr. Padgett's Salutatory is mild, yet he declares himself a Conservative. We hope the Enterprise may be a success, except its Conservative part, which we are satisfied will go up in November.

LOOK OUT!—Persons contemplating the distillation of fruit, had better watch out, as we see from our exchanges that a special Tax of four hundred dollars is required besides the duty of 50 cents on each gallon distilled. We think this a very high tax, and hope that our exchanges are mistaken. Can the *Pioneer* give us any light on the matter?

☞ The Morning *Star*, published at Wilmington, N. C., says the negroes of Rutherford County are joining Seymour and Blair clubs. You are mistaken Mr. *Star*, and I guess you got your information from a bad source. We tell you that there has not, and we don't believe will a respectable colored man join the Seymour and Blair clubs in this county.

☞ The LITETARY ENTERPRISE will not be issued again for a week or two, or until a subscription list large enough to justify its publication is obtained.

NEW COTTON.—We notice that a bale of new cotton weighing 600 at Montgomery, Ala., on the 11th inst. It sold for 42½ cents per pound.

☞ The Legislature has agreed to adjourn next Monday.

☞ The *Standard* of the 11th inst contains an able letter from Judge Pearson, on the state of the country. We shall publish it in our next.

Another Revolution.

Read the following extracts from speeches and letters of the leaders of the Conservative Democratic party, and form your own conclusions, the language alas! is too plain to doubt what the consequences would be, should the Republicans allow themselves to be defeated in the elections this fall! We say to every Republican, now is the time to do your full duty. Let no such word as fail be inscribed upon your banners, You can succeed. You have the power; then to your post; let no man fag, at this important crisis.

"What the Confederacy fought for would be won by the election of Seymour and Blair. —*Gov. Vance a Delegate to the 4th of July Convention.*

Gen. Thomas Ewing, Jr., declared at the Washington ratification:

"On the 3d of November next the American people will endeavor to restore those States to their constitutional rights. Should this by a possibility fail, the white population of those States may succeed in government; otherwise, as sure as the Anglo-Saxon blood runs in the veins of Southern men, there will be an upheaval of civil war, and then should Congress sustain the blacks, ashes will cover the ruins of the whole Republic."

General Thomas F. Bowie the leading Democrat of Maryland, said in his Baltimore speech:

"If there be any class of men I would sooner tax it would be those men who furnished the means to carry on the most unholy, wicked, and cruel war in history. I would not tax them as property, but I would because I can read upon the face of these bonds a contribution to an unholy and wicked purpose.

Captain Marshall, a brother of Thomas Marshall, said, at a recent Kentucky Democratic ratification, "that he was enthusiastic in support of Seymour, and gave his reason therefore. Seymour was nominated as a war Democrat, for the season that no other could win, He was called a War Democrat, but he had never given any aid or support to the Government in prosecution of the war when it could be avoided. In 1868, when the rebel troops were in Pennsylvania, and the Government called on Seymour, who was then Governor of New York, to furnish troops to expel them, he answered in the same manner, if not in the same language, as the Governor of Kentucky in 1861, viz: that he would not send them. He did send them, however, for the reason that he was unable to do otherwise."

The Mobile *Tribune* asserts:

"The great Democratic party will rise in its might and majesty, and pulverize and purge the Congress, just as Cromwell purged the long Parliament. The signs of the times are pregnant with resistence to Radical tyranny, and the dagger of Brutus may aid in accomplishing our redemption from Radical rule, ruin, and usurpation.

Toombs, in his late Georgia speech argued that all the action of Government in reference to the South for the last three years was void and of no effect. The St. Louis *Times* declares:

"If Mr. Blair become President, and swear to obey the Constitution, and fail to overthrow the oligarchy established by Brownlow in Tennessee, Blair would be perjured.

"I give my hearty support to Seymour and Blair, because the latter is pledged in favor of the cause of the south by military power, while Governor Seymour is too well known as an uncompromising champion of our rights to require endorsement from any quarter."—*Speech of Ex-Governor Henry A. Wise, of Virginia.*

"Do you not create revolution when you say that our persons may be rightfully seized your property confiscated, your homes entered? Are you not exposing yourselves, your own interests, to as great a peril as that with which you threaten us? Remember this; *that the bloody and treasonable and revolutionary doctrine of public necessity can be proclaimed by a mob as by a Government.*"—*Segmour's Speech to the New York rioters.*

"The Montgomery (Confederate) constitution is better than ours, (United States.")—*Horatio Segmour to Judge Ruggles in 1861.*

"The spirit of Wilkes Booth still lives, thank God! Therefore, take courage!—Seymour. Blair and the revival of the great cause is the motto of every true man!"—*Pine bluff* (Ark.) *Vindicator*.

Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, while on his way to the convention, at a supper at General Lee's college, in Virginia, declared that the rebbel soldiers "had not fallen in vain—the cause for which Stuart and Jackson fell could not be vain, *but in some form would triumph*;" and after the nomination of Seymour and Blair by the New York Convention, inspired by the platform and the speeches of the nominees proclaimed at a Democratic meeting in New York, on the evening of the nominations, that—

"We can have no relief unless this great Democrat party will come out and pledge itself that we shall have a fair election—that the white people of the South shall vote; and I want you all to register an oath that when they do vote, that these votes shall be counted, and that if there is a majority of white votes that you will place Seymour and Blair in the White House in spite of all the bayonets that may be brought against them."

The same evening Vance, of North Carolina, another rebel delegate, declared that they (the rebels) had bowed to the yoke long enough, and it was now time that they should arise and assert their manhood under the Constitution. This great country must be restored to its original position of grandeur and greatness, (that means slavery and aristocracy,) or else constitutional liberty is gone forever.

Last Saturday night Vance spoke at Richmond, Virginia, to a mass meeting, at which all the other speakers were rebels, and one of them, Governor Wise, declared that the resolution of the Democratic National Convention declaring "secession a failure" was falsehood;" and added that secession was more than ever living."

Humphrey Marshall asserted in his Louisville speech that if the Democratic ticket was elected his party would "wipe out" all that had been done in the way of reconstruction, and the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution.

John Forsythe claims through the columns of the Mobile *Advertiser:*

Mississippi *must vote* and the *Democracy will see to its being counted.* Texas and Virginia cannot go through with the forms of the Radical programme in time to be admitted before the election, as Congress will adjourn beforehand. But *they must vote.*

SYNOPSIS

OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE

Legislature of North Carolina.

MONDAY, August 3. 1868.

SENATE.—Journal of Saturday read and approved.

A bill authorize the Air Line Railroad Company in South Carolina to construct and operate its road within the limits of this State.

A bill to extend the Chatham Railroad.

A joint resolution authorizing the State Treasurer to negotiate a loan.

A joint resolution ordering the printing of 1,000 copies of all acts relating to county officers and their duties.

The following bills, prepared by the Code Commissioners were read the first time and refered to the judiciary Committee:

An act concerning the fees of the Clerks of the Superior Courts, Sheriffs, Registers of Deeds, Solicitors, Coroners, Constables, Justices of the Peace, and Jurors.

A bill concurring the jurisdiction and powers of the Clerks of the Superior Courts, and proceedings before them as Judges of Probate.

The following messages were received from the House:

A message transmitting a bill approaching Clerks Superior Courts to take privy examination of *feme coverts*, in the conveyance of real estate, amended by inserting after the words "Superior Court" in first section the words "or before any justice of the peace."

The Senate concurred as amended.

A message transmitting engrossed bill entitled bill "a bill to reglate the admission of attorney to practice law in the several courts in North Carolina.

Read first time.

A bill relation to the duties of the Superior Court Clerks. Read fist time and referred to the Committee on the judiciary.

Bills of the following titles were taken up and read second time, and disposed of as follows:

A bill to provide for the settlement of to estates of deceased persons.

The amendment reported by the Judiciary Committee, to when it was referred was adopted,

The bill as amended, passed its second reading.

A bill to regulate capital executions, was amended by striking out the word "passage" and inserting "ratification."

As amended, the bill passed its second reading.

A bill to prevent the sacrifice of property under execution. Passed.

A bill to amend an ordinance of the Convention ratified March 11th, 1868. Passed,

Mr. Welker, on the part of the committee on Printing, reported the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Treasurer of the State of North-Carolina, be ordered to pay bill of printing of Messrs. N, Paige & Co., amounting to $78.56.

The resolution was adopted.

A bill to regulate the admission of attorneys to practice law in the several courts of the State of North-Carolina, was called up and put on its second reading. Rejected.

A resolution authorizing the printing of Messrs. N. Paige & Co., amounting to $78.56. The resolution was adopted.

A bill to regulate the admission of attorneys to practice law in the several courts of the State of North-Carolina, was called up and put on its second reading. Rejected.

A resolution authorizing the printing of the act of the General Assembly for the use of members, was concurred in by the Senate and transmitted to the House.

A resolution allowing two pages in each house the sum of $3,00 per day. Adopted.

ST. LOUIS, July 26.—General Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan arrived at St. Joseph last night, He was met at the depot by a large crowd, and escorted to the Pacific House amidst enthusiastic cheers, music, and firing of cannon.

Colonel Hardin delivered the address of welcome, after which he was entertained by the Grand Army of the Republic and citizens generally. Similar demonstrations were made at Omaha yesterday.

RAIL ROAD ACCIDENT.—Two accidents happened on the line of the Wilmington & Manchester Rail Road on last Friday. It seems that the train which left Kingsville at 10:30 A. M. on that day for Wilmington met with an accident near Sumter in the breaking of an axle of the tender, which threw the train from the track, and injured it so much that it was left there. The train from Wilmington, going South, being unable to pass, was disembarked of its passengers and mail, and those of the broken down train placed thereon and a start made for this city.—The detention at Sumter was only about three hours. Everything went smoothly after that, until when about ten miles from here the engineer discovered a broken rail and whistled the brakes down; but the train could not be checked in time. The engineer passed over safely, but the tender ran off the track and the other five cars were thereby thrown into the ditch. Many of the passengers were bruised, but none seriously injured. It is said that the regular engineer was not on the train at the time the last accident occurred.—*Wil. Post.*

The Cincinnati *Commercial* says that Seymour's nomination after his repeated declinations calls to mind Corwin's observation at the nomination of Polk "After this no one is safe. A man goes to bed a respected citizen, and he rises in the morning and finds himself a candidate of the Democratic party for the Presidency."

ACCIDENT TO GEN. NEAL. We regret to learn that this estimable gentleman was painfully, if not seriously hurt on Friday last. Finding it necessary to make some repairs on his mill, the General went there on Friday morning and going down between the forebay and braces, some portion gave way and a beam eight inches square came against his body, with a pressure of three feet of water.—He was also struck in the back with a heavy piece of timber, which bruised him. He was extricated without any broken limbs and taken to the house, put to bed and proper medical attention properly administered, We are glad to hear on Saturday he was able to move across the floor in his bedroom. If it should prove that he has received no internal injury, it is to be hoped he will be over it in a few days, His son tells us it was almost miraculous how he escaped being crushed to death, so great was the pressure upon him.—*Charlotte Times.*

Some of the Western Democratic delegates complain of the small sum of money they received for shoving the Seymour scow through the Convention. That reminds us of a story: An indian being asked what he did for a living, replied, "Oh me preach." "Preach!" said a bystander. "What do you get paid for preaching?" "Sometime me get shillin', sometime two shillin'." "And isn't that mighty poor pay?" "Oh, yes, but its might poor preach."

A WIFE LOCKED UP IN A CROCKERY CRATE.—The *Daily Wisconsin* tells of a Tueton who confined his wife at home by locking her up in a crockery crate, which stood on one in one corner of the bed room, and which was used as a prison cell He placed his wife in this with her sowing. Two small chains with padlocks kept the door fastened, and here the poor woman must sit and sew and await the return and pleasure of her lord and master before she could come out. The husbands, in palliation of his offense, acknowled that he did lock his wife up in the crate, but it was done to keep her at home, She had a bad habit of getting away from home when she could, and when she got away she would drink, and when drunk she made herself disagreeable. He had tried coaxing and threatening but that did no good. He had tried locking her up in a room, but she always managed to get out in some way. Then he tried locking her up in a crockery crate, and that worked to perfection. He thought it was necessary that he should do so. The Judge said he must sympathize with the husband, but fined him $5 and put him under $300 bonds to do so no more.

SUN STROKES.—It is evident that it is not the high degree of temperature that causes sun strokes, since men have been known to endure the heat of an oven while a chicken was roasting by their side, and since zinc and iron founders receive no injury while toiling under 120 degrees of heat. It is supposed that the malady is due to the chemical composition of the sun's rays. Sun-stroke is a congestion of the brains, lungs and heart. It is almost always fatal with feeble persons. To avoid it, keep cool—that is, be slow and quiet in all its movements, and shun the open sun as much as possible. If one's toil is in the sun, a wet handkerchief or a cabbage leaf in the hat will be a protection. As to remedies, where relief is possible, apply ice to the head and under the arm-pits, take brandy and water or other stimulant internally, a mustard plaster on the stomach, rubbing the body, particularly the hands and feet, and especially secure plenty of air.—*Cincinnati Times.*

THE "VEILED MURDERESS."—A late visitor to Sing Sing State Prison writes of the "veiled murderess":

"Ketchum, the forger, is employed in keeping books in the rear of the shoe shop, but he was not to be seen. Ratzky, the man who murdered the diamond merchant in New York some six years ago, is here to be seen also, as well as Mrs. Robinson, the "veiled murderess," who does not like to be gazed upon. She is employed in the hospital as nurse, and conducts herself becomingly—about the best thing she could do, under the circumstances. Her cell is one of the nicest in the female department, being fixed up in a handsome manner. She must be fond of flowers; for on a small stand she had a bouquet of artificial 'posies,' and take it all in all, her cell was rather cheerful, if such a word can be used in this gloomy connection."

THE INVENTOR OF ENVELOPES.—About forty years ago there lived at Brighton a bookseller and stationer of the name of S. K. Brewer, and he used to place in his shop window piles of paper, beginning at the largest up to the then smallest size, 16mo.; but to finish off the pile he cut cards so as to bring them up to a point. Ladies used to go in and ask for that "dear little paper," which induced him to cut paper in small sizes. Then came the difficulty of the place for address; and the result was he invented the envelope, and had metal plates made for cutting them to shapes and sizes. This just pleased the ladies, and orders came to him for the little paper and envelopes from all parts. This at length became such a demand upon his time that he got Dobbs & Co., of London, to make them for him. Such was the beginning of the envelope trade.—*Stationer*

General News Items.

The King of the Sandwich Islands receives $45,000 salary.

SCRATCH a Democrat and you'll find a Rebel under his skin.

The London Postoffice Savings Banks yield an annual profit of $200,000.

The total receipts of wheat in St. Louis last week were 111,089 bushels.

Fish in Rock river, Wisconsin, have been sunstruck by millions.

Seymour, it seems, is hunting up certificates of loyalty, during the war! Where is the razor strap man?

The reports from Florida are that the worm is at work on most of the plantations.

Seymour's physician says he is likely to become crazy within a year. Beware of Blair.

The Missouri wheat crop this year is the largest ever gathered in the State.

If the Democrats love the Union and the Constitution so well, how is it that they waged war on both for four years?

Saratoga ladies are so obliging as to furnish reporters the size of their waist and the value of their diamonds.

A little girl in Indianapolis drowned herself because her mother forbade her to wear a new dress.

In Yarmouth, Maine, a town of 2 500 inhabitants, there are 60 persons above 80 years of age and 120 above 70.

The fires in the Canada woods this season have destroyed $4,000,000 worth of lumber.

Coal fields have been discovered in Alaska.—They are situated on the main land, near Sitka

Seasonable rains in Iredell and adjoining counties—corn crop good and safe.

The heirs of Albert Sydney Johnson have recovered thirty leagues of land in Harrison county.

A PARTY of illicit distillers in East Tennessee caught a United States soldier the other day and hung him.

Col. Robert Bynum, of Wilson, died at his residence in that county a few days ago.

Every negro becomes "intelligent, "moral," "refined," and "white," the moment he vote the Democratic ticket.

THE discovery of new rifle ball, "warranted to pierce through any defence at present known," is announced in Paris.

The Ku-Klux go for Seymour and Blair to a man, with as much avidity as they go for a defenceless negro of Union man at midnight:

A lady caught her husband breaking her hoops. Two hours afterwards, the unfortunate man was seen at a drug store purchasing hair restorative.

The Democratic party deliberately sacrificed thousands of white men in order to save their slaves, and yet it calls itself a white man's party!

THE harvest in Morocco is a failure and the people are dying of hunger. The situation is even worse than that of Algeria.

An artist advetises portraits of Mr. Blair "in fifteen different positions." After the election he can give sixteen—one of them "face down."

☞ Franklin J. Moses, father of the Speaker of the House of S. C. Legislature, has been elected Chief Justice of South Carolina.

The Tipton *Times*, the most influential Democratic paper in the VIIIth Indiana District, throws overboard Seymour and Blair.

Twenty-four churches were struck by lightning in a district in France, lately, in one storm. Only three claps of thunder were heard.

A Western paper says that General Frank Blair will deliver ten temperance lectures during the present campaign. Somebody else had better deliver the lectures, and let Frank furnish the "frightful example."

There are at present seventeen lines of steamers (making 1.322 voyages per annum) between England and America.

The Cleveland *Leader* says: "If you want to make an Ohio Democrat mad, say Blair to him. It worse than a red rag to a turkey rooster."

The orange crop in Florida is unusually promising, and has been generally engaged at twenty dollars a thousand. Other tropical fruits are growing finely.

Among the Democrat Congressmen who, since Seymour's nomination, have declared for Grant and Colfax, is Thomas E. Stremart, Mr. Raymond's successor from the Sixth New York District.

An old lady announced in court, at Atlanta, that she "had no counsel," that "God was her lawyer." "My dear madam," replied the judge, "He does not practice in this court."

When wade Hampton left Columbia at the approach of Sherman's army, he announced that he was "bound to Texas or hell." He has brought up in the Democratic party, which is about the same as the letter place.

Good rains have fallen in portions of Middle Alabama within the last few days. Cotton has been injured by the long-continued drouth, and it is estimated that the corn crop has been cut off one-half.

"WHY IS IT," asked a Republican of his rebel Democratic friend, "that you have none but rebels in your National. Convention from the South?" "Well, confidentially, and not to be printed, the reason is that all the Union men of the South are Republicans, and all the rebels Democrats, and we could do no better"

The Boston *Journal* says: "A prominent member of the Democratic party said last night, 'I have talkad to over a hundred Democrats this afternoon and evening, and they all think as I do—that no honest man can vote for Seymour, and no white man for Frank Blair.'"

PRAYER—AN INCIDENT.—For fourteen years a father and a mother prayed for a wayward boy. During this period they many times fixed a date inside of which they expected his conversion. One after another of these times passed by, until fourteen years had gone. The father was going out one morning when the good wife laid her hand upon his arm and said, "Father, have you forgotten prayers?"—"No," was the husky reply, "I hav'nt forgotten; but it's no use, God does not hear us." The wife's eyes were full of tears: "Well, let us pray that God will make us more earnest, and then perhaps he will answer our prayer. He went out to the barn, and then his wife's words, his overburdened heart, and the habit of years led him to fall upon his knees and pray for more earnestness, and to again beseech God to convert his boy. His boy heard the prayer, and wishing to get away, so that he might not hear more, went out to the House. Going past his mother's room he heard her voice raised in prayer for him. He paused, and in supplication for more earnestness, overcome, and then went in and kneeling down by her and putting his arms around her neck, said; "Mother, God knows you are in earnest, and he has answered your prayers."

SET DOWN THAT GLASS!—There is death in it. It contains ardent spirits, and it will destroy you.

"One glass will not destroy *me*," you say.

So said the man whom you saw drunk on the floor, wallowing in his vomit. So said that man whom you saw beating his wife. So said that wretch whom you saw on the gallows, for committing murder while intoxicated. And so you will say, till you become like them.

Set down the glass. I speak not to the drunkard, for he will not mind me. I speak not to the man who already loves strong drink so much as to think it necessary for his comfort or his health. I speak to the man who is yet free.

Set down the glass. There is death in it. Will you drink it? What urges you to it?

"I am my own master," say you?

Then let not strong drink become your master. I beseech you to stop this boasting, or you are undone.

Set down the glass. Taste it no more.

Velocity.

The speed of our ocean steamers in crossing the Atlantic rarely exceeds 11 miles an hour; the speed of river steamers is from 14 to 24 miles per hour; of race horse from 20 to 30; of a bird 50 to 70; of a high wind, 20, and of a hurricane 80 miles; of sound 804; of mechanical force in air 750; of the earth around the sun 68,060; of light, as demonstrated by Foucault's apparatus, 690,000,000 miles, and yet this inconceivable speed is little more than half the velocity of static electricity, which latter Wheatstone has shown to be 1,040,000,000 miles an hour. If the earth were a cannon ball shot at the sun from its present distance, and with the velocity it now travels, and if simultaneously with the explosion a telegram was sent to the solar inhabitants, the electricity would pass the intervening space of 95,000,000 miles and the message be received in five minutes; the earth would be seen coming toward them after the lapse of eight minutes; the inhabitants would have nearly two months to prepare for the shock, which would be received over ten years before they heard the explosion.

A Touching Appeal.

Policeman, spare that dog, touch not a single hair; he worries many a hog, from out his muddy lair. Oh, when he was a pup, so trisks and so plump, he lapped his milk from a cup, when hungry—at a jump. And then his funny tricks, so funny in their place, so full of canine licks upon your hand and face. You will surely let him live! Oh do not kill him—dead; he wags his narrative and prays for life—not lead. Go, get the muzzle now, and put upon his mouth, and stop that bow, bow, bow! and tendency to drought. He is your children's pet, companion of their own joy, you will not kill him yet, and thus their hopes destroy.—No, policeman, spare that pup, touch not a single hair; oh, put your pistol up, and go away from there!

SUCCESS.—Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait, not in idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constantly steadily filling and accomplishing his task that when the occasion comes he may be equal to it. The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it come at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about what the world says of us; to be always anxious about the effect of what we do say; to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our own voices.

LOVING AND HATING.—If you love, love more. If you hate, hate less. Why war against a moral who is agoing the same road with us? Why not expand the flower of life and happiness by learning to love, by teaching those who are near and dear the beautiful lesson? Your hands may be hard, but your heart need not be. Your forms may be bent or ugly, but do you not know that the most beautiful flowers often grow in the most rugged, unsheltered places? The palace for care, the cottage for love. Not that there is no love in the mansion: but somehow, if we are not very careful, business will crowd all, there is of beauty out of the heart. This is why God has given us the Sabbaths and Saturday nights, that we may leave business in the office and have a heart cleaning.

PANCAKES.—"John," said a stingy fellow to his hired man, as he was taking dinner, "do you know how many pancakes you have eaten?" "No, do you?" Yes you have eaten fourteen." "Very well," said John, "you count and I'll eat."

Charity.

There is a beautiful legend taken from the rabbinical writers, quoted perhaps first by Jeremy Taylor, and afterward by Sidney Smith, which runs somewhat thus: "Once upon a time, as Abraham was sitting in the door of his tent there came unto him a wayfaring man; and Abraham gave him water for his feet, set bread before him. And Abraham said unto him, "Let us now worship the Lord our God before we eat of this bread." And the wayfaring man said unto Abraham, "I will not worship the Lord thy God, for thy God is not my God; but I will worship my God, even the God of my fathers." But Abraham was exceeding wroth and he rose up to put the wayfaring forth from the door of his tent, when, lo! the voice of the Lord was heard in his tent, saying; "Abraham, Abraham, have I borne with this man for three-score and ten years, and canst thou not bear with him for one hour?" How difficult it is to obey the plainest precepts of the Gospel, especially if such obedience conflicts with our prejudices and with our personal preferences! and how hard it is to speak upon this heavenly principle of Christain charity and forbearence without appearing stale and tedious! How exceedingly difficult it is for men and women to incorporate into their lives and characters a moral axiom so often discoursed upon and so universally admitted! That witty and noble English divine, Sidney Smith, in a most admirable discourse.—On those Rules of Christian Charity by which our Opinions of other Sects should be formed," said: The wildest visionary does not now hope he can bring his fellow-creatures to one standard of faith. If history has taught us any one thing, it is that mankind on such sort of subjects, will form their own opinions." All that we have any reason to hope for is that differences of opinion may be cemented together by that charity which "Suffereth long and is kind;" which "vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; seeketh not its own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil." That is a consummation which may be reasonably hoped for, and all good people may devoutly labor for its bringing about the earth. In this way alone can we have unity in division, and produce harmonious music from the various notes of thought and faith that now jar so discordantly in the Christain world. This unity of spirit; with diversity of operations; this peace in division; this singleness of purpose, with a variety of gifts—is the end of all law and the object of all gospel.—*Extract from a Sermon delivered by Rev. Jasper L. Douthit.*

So Goes the World.

What an exceedingly small space any one individual occupies in this world.—How often it is said, when a man dies, his death leaves a void which will not soon be filled; but it is. His little bark goes down, the waves of oblivion quickly close over him, and he is forgotten. A great man dies. It almost seems as though the wheels of progress would be materially checked, if not stopped altogether; but they go on, and the world moves just the same as before. Some one stands ready to apply for the vacant situation, attempting to fill it if they do not.

We cannot speak from personal knowledge, for we were not present at the time, but we have no doubt that there were numerous applications for the vacancy caused by the death of Julias Cæsar within an hour after his decease was announced. Yes, and fellows trying to marry the widow Cæsar before her weeds were two months old.

Alexander the Great was a remarkably successful man viewed from a military stand point. He subjugated one world, and shiveled terribly because there were no more worlds to conquer—Christopher Columbus not having discovered the "new world" at that time. Alexander was, without daubt, the greatest man of his time—acknowledged by the press of that day, both Democratic and Republican, to be without an equal as a military general; but who knows how many applications were filled the morning after his death for the vacant generalship? We have no boubt, unless human nature was very different then from what it is now, that there was an abundance of men who were ready upon the shortest notice to undertake to fill the position which Alexander left vacant, giving bonds to any amount for a faithful and satisfactory discharge of the duties.

To come down to modern days, how many men imagine in their own conceit that in the resplendent abilities the country has no longer reason to mourn the death of D Webster or H. Clay? We not long ago heard an actor of moderate succession in the "starring" declare his belief that in the event of the death of Edwin Forrest he would be able to fill the vacancy which his death occasioned on the dramatic stage. Admirers of Forrest who had feard that his death would prove an irreparable loss to the distorionic art, for a generation or two at least, cannot but feel consoled by this. In all stations and all positions of life the death of no man will leave a void that some one will not attempt, at least to fill, and if no one cucceeds the world, wags on about as it did before. Such, it is almost needless to remark, is life.—*Cinginnatt Times.*

"I am"

God doth not say. I am their light, their guide, their strength, their tow, but only "I am." He sets, as it were, his hand to a blank, that the people may write what they please that is good for them. As if he should say:

Are they poor? I am riches. Are they trouble? I am comfort. Are they sick? I am health. Are they dying? I am life. Have they nothing? I am all things I am wisdom and power. I am Justice and mercy. I am grace and goodness. I am glory, beauty, holiness, eminency, supereminency, perfection, all-sufficiency, eternity, Jehovah, I am. Whatsoever is pure and holy—whatsoever is great and pleasant—whatsoever is good or needful to make men happy, that I am.—*Exchange.*

A little five year old, who was hungry one night recently just at bed time, but didn't wish to ask direct for something to eat, put the proposition in this way: "Mamma are little children who starve to death happy after they die?" A good slice of bread and butter was the answer.

The Force of Imagination.

There is not a city, town or village in the United States, but has its own share of loafers, or hangers-on about places where liquors are dispensed; and the case holds good in a thriving town in the State of Maryland.—My loafer, or hanger-on, I will style Bob Bray. He was the bane of Johnny Hemlock's existence, for Johnny kept a "corner grocery," where not only eatables but drinkables were dispensed over the counter.—Bob had a weakness for the "ardent," but labored under a disease of the pocket which Hemlock facetiously styled—"chronic impecuniosity." He would saunter in through Johnny's open door half a dozen times diurnally, and, with admirable diplomacy, manage to abstract a tumbler of old rye from the barrel branded "pure unadulterated Monongahela," without attracting the attention of Johnny's other customers, out not the Argus eyes of Johnny himself.

One afternoon Hemlock concocted a palatable fancy drink, and just as he was about to place it to his lips, a lady customer entered, and he was compelled to forgo the pleasure of imbibing until she had been waited upon. The lady had a number of purchases to make; and, in the meantime, some half a dozen men came into the store, and among them Bob Bray. He soon exercised his accustomed strategy, and found himself, face to face, with Johnny's fancy drink. His eyes sparkled, and without a thought he "downed with it," and smacking his lips, took a seat on a keg of tenpenny nails, and with refreshing coolness, commenced to light his pipe. Johnny had witnessed the operation, and with a mental vow, determined to have some fun, and at the same time to rid himself of his thirsty and "impecunious" friend.

So soon as his customer had been attended to, and her arms loaded with brown paper parcels, Johnny gave a sly wink to the half dozen men, who were ranged in all sorts of positions about the store, and appeared in no hurry to be waited upon, and commenced drawing some old Bourbon for a seemed, but paying customer; but no sooner did his eye fall upon the empty glass, than he gave a theatrical start, and, dropping the pint measure, exclaimed in a loud and excited tone to his errand boy, who had entered at the back door just in the nick of time;

"For God's sake, Dick, did you drink this?" and he held up the empty glass.

"No, sir; you know I never drink," replied the boy in a somewhat crusty manner.

Bob Bray pricked up his ears, dropped his jack-knife, and with half-dozen customer, surrounded Johnny.

"In the name of heaven, Bob, have you—did you drink this?" and Hemlock glared wildly at the glass and leaned against a molasses barrel, the image of despair.

Why—y-e-s. Anything wrong about it?" Bob looked green with undefined terror.—He changed color from white to red, from scarlet to sea water, and, knocking the ashes from his pipe, looked from Hemlock to the fatal glass.

"Wrong!" cried Johnny, "it was rank, deadly poison! I mixed it to kill rats with. I was to soak some crackers with it, and scatter them about the crevices; and now—"

"My God, Hemlock, what am I to do?—I—I believe I am dying!" and Bob made a rush for the coal-scuttle, and leaning over it paid the penalty of his temerity.

After some few agonizing throes he looked up with a scared and woe begone face, and said in a heart-rending voice:

"Do you think I will die? My God! I feel it burning my very heart out! What was it?" and visions of prussic acid, corrosive sublimate, and arsenic floated through his brain.

"Ratsbane, strychnine, and the deadliest of all poisons, *salaqratic acid!*" exclaimed Johnny, calling upon his imagination for a long word, pointing with a shaking finger to the sediment of sugar and nutmeg at the bottom of the tumbler.

"God help me, then," cried Bob, sinking to the floor.

The other bystander undertood the joke, and made the most of it.

"Run for the doctor," cried one.

"Send for a carriage," said another.

"Croten oil is a good antidote." exclaimed a third.

And the long and short of it was that, after some delay, during which time Bob's fears were worked up to such a pitch that he actually had every symptom of being poisoned, a physician was summoned, who of course was enlightened as to the true state of affairs, and poor Bob was pumped as dry as a last year's cider barrel. A carriage was then sent for, and the patient conveyed to his home; and it is a fact that he did not recover from his sickness for several days.—When the story leaked out, as Johnny took good care to have it, it is needless to say that Bob's rage knew no bonds. But he never entered Hemlock's grocery again, much to that gentleman's satisfaction.

For the Boys.

"Sir," said a boy, stopping before a man on his cart. "do you want a boy to work for you?"

"No," said the man, "I have no such want."

The boy looked disappointed; at least the man thought so, and he asked:

"Don't you succeed in getting a place?"

"I have asked at a good many places," said the boy. "A woman told me you had been after a boy, but it is not so, I find."

"Don't be discouraged," said the man in a friendly tone.

"Oh no, sir," said the boy, cheerfully, "because this is a very big world, and I feel certain God has something for me to do in it. I am only trying to find it."

"Just so, just so," said a gentleman who overheard the conversation. "Come with me, my boy; I am in want of somebody like you."

It was the docter, and the docter thought any boy so anxious to find his work would be likely to do it faithfully when he found it.

If every body had the spirit of this little lad, there would be no idolers in the world, standing on the corners, sitting in the shops, waiting for the work to come to them. Work does often come so.—Almost everything worth having like the ore in the mine, must be sought, for.

Arthur's Magazine.

USEFUL HINTS:—Wood ashes and common salt wet with water will soak the cracks of a stove and prevent the smoke from escaping.

Stir Poland-starch with a common candle and it will not stick to the iron, and it will be much nicer.

Alum or vinegar is good to set colors of red, green, or yellow.

Sal soda will bleach very white; one spoonful is enough for a kettle of clothes.

Save your suds for garden plants, or for garden yards when sandy.

Wash your tea trays with cold suds, polish with a little flour, and rub with a dry cloth.

Frozen potatoes make more starch than fresh ones; they also make nicer cake.

A hot shovel held over varnished furniture will take out white spots.

A bit of glue dissolved in skim-milk and water will restore crape.

Ribbon of any kind should be washed in cold soap suds and not rinsed.

If your flat-irons are rough, rub them with fine salt, and it will make them smooth.

Oat straw is the best for filling beds. It should be changed once a year.

If you are buying carpets for durability, choose small figures.

Scotch snuff put in a hole where crickets come out will destroy them.

A gallon of strong lye put in a barrel of hard water will make it as soft as rain water.

Half a cranberry on a corn will soon kill it.

A Queer Advertisement.

Bartholomew O'Flaherty, Whig Maker, Music Master and dealer in dried fapples, from Dublin, gives the public information that he has opened a shop in Pig Alley, No 12, where he carries on the buisness of making ladies' caps, re-packing pork, and setting hen's eggs under ducks, except what fall down and breaks. Horse jockies and farriers may be supplied with gauze aprons, old saddles, smelling bottles, and all other vegetables on the shortest notice.

Wanted immediately; a parcel of bullfrog skins, crooked-necked squashes, old gimblets, and such like garden seeds of this years growth.

A large quantity of second-hand breeches by the single gill or less. Potash kettles, lambs' wool, silver thimbles, besides a great variety of other medicines—one hundred gallons of hog's lard. Tow cloth, goose-grease and gridirons, to be bartered for tasseled canes and soft soap. Horsekeeping ings two shillings per pound, together with Nova Scotia grindstones, and men, women and children shaved, combed and dressed at three shillings per yard, with every other species of public securities, and warlike instruments at their nominal value. All kinds of needles-work done with accuracy and cross patch among which are two volumes of the great works of the little tweedle, with one hundred pounds of brimstone, and a monstrous heep of smoked owl's gizzards. Three pamphlets on the infinite evil of infinite folly, with an infinite number of finite little infinites, among which are junk bittles and leather aporns, supported by arguments pro and con, with abundance of sweatmeats of the like kind.

Wanted immediately, a young man or two at the above business. None need apply but those who are well versed in the art of sneezing, curing corns and other equestrian feats of horsemanship.

The Little Ones.

Be patient with the little ones. Let neither slow understanding nor their occasional pertness offend you, or provoke the sharp reproof. Remember the world is new to them, and they have no slight to grasp with their unripened intellects the mass of facts and truths that crowd upon their attention. You are grown to maturity and strength through years of experience, and it ill becomes you to fret at the child that fails to keep peace with your thought. Teach him patiently as God teaches you, "line upon line precept upon precept; here a little and there a little." Cheer him in his conflict of mind; in after years his ripe, rich thought shall rise up and call you blessed.

Bide patiently the endless questionings of your children. Do not roughly crush the springing spirit of free inquiry, with an impatient word or frown, nor attempt, on the contrary a long and instructive reply to every slight and casual question. Seek rather to deepen their curiosity. Convert, if possible, the careless question into a profound and earnest inquiry, and aim rather to direct and aid than to answer the inquiry.—Let your reply send the little questioner forth, not so proud of what he has learned, as anxious to learn more. Happy you, if in giving your child the molecule of truth he asks for, you can whet his curiosity with a glimpse of the mountain of truth lying beyond; so wilt thou send forth a philosopher and not a silly pedant in the world.

Bear patiently the childish humors of those little ones. They are but the untutored pleadings of the young spirit for care and cultivation. Irritated into strength, and hardened into habits, they will haunt the whole of life like fiends of despair, and make thy little ones curse the day they were born; but corrected kindly and patiently, they become the elements of happiness and usefulness. Passions are but fires, that may either scorch us with their uncontrolled fury or may yield us a genial and needful warmth.

Bless your little ones with a patient care of their childhood, and they will certainly consecrate the glory and grace of their manhood to your service. Sow in their hearts the seeds of a perennial blessedness; its ripened fruit will afford you a perpetual joy.—*Journal of Education.*

The true lady is easily recognized in public places by her neat and tasteful dress, by her quiet and unostenations, and—if there is occasion for her to speak—by her gentle voice and choice language. A loud, harsh voice and "slang phrases" coming from those who in other respects appear to have been well brought up, always jars unpleasantly upon the hearer. There is a long list of unauthorized words and phrases which are in common use, and are supposed to give a certain zest for conversation, but which are very far from being elegant. They are coined in various places—in the boarding school, in colléges, in the store and in the street. One by one they enter the family circle, and become disagreeably common. A man who continually interlards his conversation with words which the dictionary ignores, does not, thereby increase our regard for him, and when we hear a woman habitually using "slang," we cannot but feel that she is wanting in that delicacy and refinement which are the brightest ornaments she can wear. Indeed, it is very certain that the frequent use of coarse and vulgar words begets a disagreeable condition of mind which may not be realized by the possessor, but which is very apparent to associates.

Never too late to Learn.

It is a great mistake to suppose that little can be accomplished if a man has reached the age of thirty or forty years.—Nine-tenths of clever men have actually exhibited more vigor of intellect at fifty years of age than of forty before he began in real earnest the study of natural philosophy. The principal of one of the most flourishing colleges in America was a farm servant till he was past the age when most students have completed their collegiate education. Sir Henry Spelman did not begin the study of science until he was between fifty and sixty years of age. Greek was the first foreign language which Cato, the cetebrated Roman censor acquired, and he did so in his old age.—Alfier, whose writing wrought a revolution in the dramatic literature of Italy, was left without a father in his infancy, and wasted early years. John Ogilby, the author of poetical translations of Virgil and Homer, began to study Latin when considerably above forty years of age, and Greek when in his fifty-fourth.—Beccaccio, one of the most illustrious writers that ever appeared in Italy, suffered nearly half of his life to pass without improvement. Handel was forty-eight before he published any of his great works. Dr. Thomas Arnold, of Rugby, learned German at forty, in order that he might read Neibuhr in the original. Let these examples tell upon your character, invigorate and cheer you in your undertakings.

A Curious Elopement.

The Auburn (N. Y.) *Advertiser* contains the following:—We have recently been informed of a most singular affair occurring during the last winter, and which has only just now been made public. It seems that some time in January last a couple of married men, residing not a hundred miles from this city, became, each unsuspected by the other, enamored of said other's better (or worse) half, and the matter was carried on so far that each of the fair (or false) ones agreed to elope with her neighbors husband. An especially dark night seemed to favor the design, and was chosen by each as the favorable opportunity. The evening train going east from this city conveyed the voyagers on their journey, one couple getting on the rear and the other on the forward car, unseen and unsuspected, it having been arranged that the wife in each case should go to the train unaccompanied, and only be joined on board by her "affinity" just at the moment of departure. Arriving at Syracuse, the pairs sought the waiting room at the depot, where they would necessarily be detained for some time while awaiting the train by which to continue the journey, and proceeded to disencumber themselves of the partial disguises assumed for the occasion when to the unspeakable horror of each couple, it was discovered that the affair had failed, for husband number one recognized before him, in the now unveiled face of his recent traveling companion, the lineaments of his own devoted wife, whose excited nerves had hitherto prevented a recognition of her dear husband's form in the dim obscurity of the railroad car. In a similar appalling manner was the stern reality forced upon the other thunder stricken couple, and the early morning train out of Syracuse, westward, brought to this city two thenceforthly faithful, and constant couples, whose night journey east, so suddenly expected without apparent cause, occasioned no small wonderment among their nearest neighbors. "The Mistake of a Lifetime" was not a patch to the thrilling experience thus dished up for these venturesome travelers, and we are told by the informant who gave the above particulars, that no more faithful partners can be found in town than are now the members of these two matrimonial firms.

What's the matter, Uncle Jerry?" said Mr. ——— as old Jeremiah R. ——— was passing by, growling most ferociously.

"Matter?" said the man stopping short "Why, here Iv'e been lugging water all the morning for Dr. C———'s wife to wash with, and what dy'e s'pose I got for it?"

"Why, I suppose about ten cents," answered Mr.———

"Ten cents! She told me the doctor would pull a tooth for me some time."

COMMERCIAL.

Rutherfordton Markets.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY

J. A. MILLER & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, &c.,

BACON	18@25
BEEF, nett	5@6
BUTTER	15@20
BEESWAX	25
CANDLES, adamantine	33@40
CASTINGS	8@10
CHEESE	25@33
COFFEE	33
CORN	90@100
COTTON	15@20
" CLOTH	16½@25
" YARN	225
EGGS	10
FLOUR, per sack	$7
FODDER, per cwt	80@100
FEATHERS	30@40
FLAX CLOTH	25@40
HIDES, dry	2)
IRON	7@8
JANES, wool	40@15
LARD	18@25
MEAL per bu	110
NAILS	10
PEAS	000
POTATOES, Irish	50
" sweet, none in market,	
RAGS	3
RICE	16½@20
ROCK ISLAND CASIMERE	75@1 75
ROPE	25@35
SALT per sack $6.00	per lb 4
SUGAR	16½@25
SPTS TURPENTINE, per gal	2 00
TALLOW	12½
TEA, per lb	$2 00@$2 50
WHEAT	1 50@200

Number of Pounds to a Bushel.

Of Wheat	60	Pounds
Of Shelled Corn	56	do
Of Corn on the Cob	70	do
Of Rye	56	do
Of Oats	36	do
Of Barley	40	do
Of Potatoes	60	do
Of Bran	20	do
Of Clover Seed	60	do
Of Timothy Seed	45	do
Of Flax Seed	45	do
Of Hemp Seed	44	do
Of Buckwheat	52	do
Of Blue Grass	54	do
Of Castor Bean	46	do
Of Dried Peaches	33	do
Of Dried Apples	24	do
Of Onions	57	do
Of Salt	50	do

SPECIAL NOTICES.

WESTERN BAPTIST CONVENTION.—This body will meet with the Church at Mount Vernon in this County, on Thursday before the 4th Sabbath in September.

THE GREEN RIVER ASSOCIATION.—This Association will convene on Friday before the 1st Lord's day in October, with the Church at Shiloh, in this County.

SHEET MUSIC.—A nice lot just received and for sale by J. A. MILLER & CO.

RUTHERFORDTON.

F. B. WOOD,

Silversmith and Jeweller, Silversmith and Jeweller,

Silversmith and Jeweller,

Bechtler's Old Stand,

Rutherfordton, N. C.

IS PREPARED TO DO ANY KIND OF work in his line on the shortest notice. Repairing Watches, Clocks, &c.

☞ **Terms**—*strictly cash.*

je 2–tf. 18

DR. B. H. PADGETT,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C

CONTINUES THE PRACTICE OF HIS Profession in all its branches, and upon the latest improved plans.

TERMS, *strictly cash.*

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(*EAVES' BUILDING—UP STAIRS*)

RESPECTFULLY announces to his friends and the public generally that he has returned to Rutherfordton, and is prepared to carry on the

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DR. J. W. HARRIS,

WILL GIVE PROMPT ATTENTION to all Professional calls, and hopes to merit a continuance of his long established practice.

Has constantly on hand a fine supply of PURE DRUGS at his office in Rutherfordton.

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Rutherfordton, N. C.

WILL attend at the office of R. W. Logan, Esqr, in Rutherfordton Mondays of each week for the transaction of all business appertaining to United States Commissioner.

1o. 78.–tf.

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BEG leave to say to their friends and the public generally that they have just received

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Give us a call and we will be pleased to show you our GOODS and tell you our prices which we are confident will give satisfaction.

ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange for Goods.

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A LOT OF NICE SADDLES for sale by J. A. MILLER & CO.

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A MAGAZINE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR.

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TERMS: $1 25 a year, in advance. 5 copies for $5. 10 copies and one extra to getter-up of club, $10. Home Magazine and Children's Hour $2 50 a year. Godey's Lady's Book and Children's Hour, $3 50 a year.

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jy 14–6m. 24

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The Best Silver Watch in the Country for $30.

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☞ Papers publishing the above advertisement twice and sending marked paper will be entitled to a copy of the work.

NEW YORK CITY.

THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE for 1868

PRICE REDUCED.

FROM every quarter, friends write us that systematic, determined efforts are making, and with considerable success, to push into circulation journals which sympathized with the Tocsin bell on during its progress, and are now moved and inspired by its fundamental principle that Liberty is rightfully the birthright, not of all men, but of *White* men, that Blacks have no rights which Whites are bound to respect. A desperate effort is preparing to give ascendancy to this reactionary principle in our Government through the triumph of its champions in the choice of our next President and Congress.

The journals thus crowded into circulation by offering them at cost are neither so large nor so varied in their contents, nor produced at anything like the cost of THE TRIBUNE. They are political merely or mainly, while our columns are more generally filled with Foreign Correspondence, Farming Intelligence, Literature, &c., &c.

Nevertheless in deference to the representations of our friends, and in view of the momentuous issues of our Presidential struggle now opening, we have resolved to offer THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE for 1868 to clubs of fifty or more for *One Dollar per Annum.* That is to say: for fifty dollars we will send *to one address* fifty copies of the WEEKLY TRIBUNE for one year, and any larger number at the same rate.

To mail subscribers, our prices will be, $2 for one copy, one year, 52 issues.

For $9, received at one time, five copies will be sent *to Names of Subscribers.*

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And one copy extra to the getter up of the club.

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No newspaper so large and complete as THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE was ever before offered at so low a price. Even when our Currency was at par with gold, no such paper *but* THE TRIBUNE was offered at that price; and The Tribune cost us far less than it now does. But the next election must be carried for Liberty and Loyalty, and we mean to do our part toward effecting that consummation.

We believe that the circulation of half a million copies of the Weekly Tribune during the coming year would be more effectual in influencing and confirming voters than five times their cost spent in the ordinary way just before the election. Almost every Republican knows honest Democrats, who need only to be undeceived, in order to vote right in the coming contest.—See to it that they are supplied with the Weekly Tribune. It costs but little, and the result will be permanent.

Friends who propose to co-operate with us! please send us your orders as promptly as may be.

Address

THE TRIBUNE,

No 154 Nassau St., New York.

81-tf.

The Weekly Standard,

For the Campaign.

ONLY $1 00 FOR FOR FOUR MONTHS.

IN order that the people of North Carolina may be thouroughly informed as to the issues in the present campaign, we have determined to offer the *Weekly Standard* from this date till the Presidential Election in November for the low price of One Dollar in advance.

The *Weekly Standard* is one of the largest newspapers in the State, contains few or no advertisements and is filled with news from all parts of the Country, Market Reports from New York, Baltimore, Wilmington, Proceedings of the General Assembly, State Intelligence, &c.

In politics the *Standard* will maintain its reputation as a

¶Radical Republican Journal,¶

And will labor earnestly and zealously for the election of Gen. U. S. Grant, to the Presidency of the United States as the only means of fully restoring the Union of these States and guaranteeing a return of that good feeling and prosperity so much desired by all true patriots.

Now is the Time to Subscribe.

We appeal to our Republican friends in North Carolina and to all lovers of Liberty, Justice and the Union to assist us in the good work of frustrating the second attempt on the life of the nation inaugurated at New York on the 4th of last July. Go to work with a will. Get up Clubs in every neighborhood. Circulate the *Standard* among the honest masses who have heretofore been intimated from voting the Republican ticket by threats and personal abuse. Let them be thoroughly enlightened, and the old North State will in November roll up a majority of fifty thousand for Grant, and thus aid in the great and glorious work of restoring peace to our whole country.¶

Send on your names and the names of your friends to.

N. PAIGE & CO.

81–tf.

A New Southern Novel.

DOLORES,

A Tale of Disappointments and Distress.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS READY FOR the Press, and will publish early in September, if he can get five hundred subscribers in the State of North Carolina,

DOLORES,

A Southern Peace and War Novel; embracing pictures of Domestic Life in the South and North, before, during, and since the War, with parallels between the People and Society of the two sections; containing battle delineations, glances at New York Floating-Journalism (or Bohemianism) personalities concerning the leading Metropolitan Newspaper men, and other piquant matter; and comprising these features, as the mere illustration of a narrative, the plot of which has been pronounced to be very intricate in construction and intensely interesting and exciting in development.

☞ Agents wanted in every County of the State, with whom liberal terms will be made.

The book will be handsomely printed, and bound in cloth, and will cover over four hundred and fifty pages, or more, duodecimo.

PRICE:

One Copy..$3 50—Ten Copies..$2 00.

No doubtful subscriptions wanted. The money to be paid immediately before delivery.

The author bespeaks the co-operation of his friends throughout the State.

RENJAMIN ROBINSON.

Payetteville, N. C. June 29th, 1868. [25-6t

Agent at Wilmington:—T. D. MEARES, Jr.

☞ N. C. papers copying this advertisement will receive two copies of the work.

THE

Square and Compass.

A Weekly Masonic and Literary Journal, published at Raleigh, N. C.

By BEST & SYME,

The SQUARE & COMPASS is published every Saturday at the following rates:

One copy, one year, $2 50. 5 copies for $11 50
10 copies $22 00. 50 copies $87 50. 100 copies $150 00.

☞ All communications and letters on business should be addressed to "*Square & Compass*" Raleigh, N. C.

POETS CORNER,

THE NATION'S PRAYER.

[The following poem, written by a young lady of New York for a fast day service, first appeared in the New York *Post*, August 3, 1864. Its words seem prophetic, in view of the coming election of General Grant as the next President :]

Father, to Thy throne ascending,
List the Nation's prayer to Thee:
With their hearts and voices blending,
GOD—GRANT—VICTORY!

We have suffered, O our Father,
In the great cause, Liberty;
Now we come to Thee for succor—
GOD—GRANT—VICTORY!

Vacant chairs are in our households,
Vacant hearts each day we see.
That in anguish often whisper—
GOD—GRANT—VICTORY!

Father, never let base traitors
In this land of brave and free,
Rule o'er those whose hearts are saying—
GOD—GRANT—VICTORY!

Thus to Thee our prayer is rising—
Thus we humbly come to Thee,
Asking Thee in broken accents—
GOD—GRANT—VICTORY!

But, if thou wouldst longer listen,
We'll submit our all to Thee,
Knowing that in His good pleasure
God *will* grant us victory!

Then, when this dread strife is over,
And the day of peace we see,
We shall keep our country's watchword—
God *and* Grant *and* Victory!

A GOOD WIFE.

Above all suspicion,
Enough erudition.
A sweet disposition,
On charity bent.

In virtue bright shining,
Her own sex refining,
At nothing repining,
But cheerful, content.

All malice despising,
Above envy arising,
Sincerity prizing,
Above low deceit.

Pressing humanity,
Sense and urbanity,
Wit without vanity,
Modest discreet.

The World--As It Is,

The world is not so bad a world,
As some would like to make it;
But whether good, or whether bad,
Depends on how you take it:
For if we scold and fret all day,
From dewy morn till even,
This world will not afford to man
A foretaste here of heaven.

This is, in truth, as good a world,
As ever was known to any,
Who have not seen another yet,
And these are very many;
For if the men and women too,
Have plenty of employment,
Those surely must be hard to please,
Who cannot find enjoyment.

This world is quite a pleasant world,
In rain or pleasant weather,
If people would but learn to live
In harmony together;
Nor cease to burst the kindling band
By love and peace cemented,
And learn that best of lessons yet—
Always to be contented.

Then, were this world a pleasant world,
And pleasant folks were in it,
The day would pass most pleasantly
To those who thus begin it;
And all the nameless grievances,
Brought on by borrowed troubles,
Would prove, as certainly they are,
A mass of empty bubbles.

Going to Church.

Some go to church just for a walk,
Some go there to laugh and talk,
Some go there the time to spend,
Some go there to meet a friend,
Some go there for speculation,
Some go there for observation,
Some go there to doze and nod,
While but few go there to worship God.

Grammar in Rhyme.

It is seldom that one sees so much valuable matter as the following lines contain comprised in so brief a space. Every little grammarian just entering upon the mysteries of Syntax will find it highly advantageous to commit the "poem" to memory as by so doing many a "black mark," and perhaps many a flogging, will avoided, for with these lines at the tongue's end one need never mistake a part of speech.

1. Three little words you often see,
Are Articles—*a*, *an*, and *the*.
2. A Noun's the name of anything,
As *school*, or *garden*, *hoop*, or *swing*,
3. Adjectives tell the kind of Noun,
As *great*, *small*, *pretty*, *white*, or *brown*.
4. Instead of Nouns the Pronouns stand,
Her head *his* face, *your*, arm, *my* hand.
5. Verbs tells of something to be done.
To read, *count*, *sing*, *laugh*, *jump*, or *run*
6. How things are done the Adverbs tell
As *slowly*, *quickly ill* or *well*.
7. Conjunctions join the words together
As men *and* women, wind *or* weather.
8. The Proposition stands before
A Noun, as *in* or *through* a door.
9. The Interjection shows surprise.
As *oh!* how pretty—*ah!* how wise.

The whole are called Nine parts of Speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

The tour of the wold can be made in two months and a half. When the Pacific Railroad is finished from New York to San Francisco will take seven days; from San Francisco to Hong Kong, by way of Yokohama, twenty days: from Hong Kong by steamer to Suez, thirty-two days: from Suez Paris, six days; from Paris to New York, ten days; in all seventy-five days.

RUTA BAGA TURNIPS.—Those farmers who have not already sowed this valuable turnip, should not hesitate to do so at once, the planting season being nearly over. It is probably one of the most productive of that species of plant, and certainly the most valuable, a small plot of ground being sufficient to bring forth a large quantity of food. It should not be sown in very dry ground, and if preparation has been made, it will be necessary to wait for moisture enough to insure a prompt growth of the seed.

AGRICULTURAL.

"He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

Preserving Green Corn in Winter

The canning of corn in families so generally fails that we cannot recommend the trial. The next best thing to canned corn is that which is properly dried. The first essential is good corn, and the next is to dry is carefully before it gets too old. Mr. M. L. Gage, of Ross county, Ohio, communicates the following sensible ideas about preparing it: "It is a wonder that so few should have anything but field corn and the garden varities, I have been used for years to drying corn. Boil the green ears a minute or two, just to harden the milk, then cut from the cob and spread on a cloth in the sun for two days taking it in at night; it will then keep anywhere, When cooked, it is better to soak it a few hours, and boil in the same water. In cold weather all that is wanted for a week or two may be wet. It cooks quicker and tastes better. A little milk and flour boiled is almost as good as cream. I have not given up drying corn, but for two years past I have put some down in salt, which gives another variety, and is more quickly prepared. At first I had difficulty in freshening it and then it was comparatively tasteless, but now I boil the corn in one water a minute or two, turn the water off, add a few sliced potatoes, boil until they are done, drain off the water, and add cream or butter. We think this preparation tastes more like summer corn than the dried corn does. In salting, I cut the green corn without boiling, and pack it alternating one pint of corn and a small handful of salt. When the vessel is about full, put on a cover that will fit down to the corn, and place a small weight on it, as it must be kept under the brine which it makes from its own juice. I have for the past two years been canning green corn with tomatoes. I use about one-fourth part corn, cooking, the two together. I have never heard of but one case where green corn canned by itself did not spoil; but corn and tomatoes canned to gether is a perfect success."—*American Agriculturist.*

Gathering Fruit.

Peaches should be left on the the tree until fully ripe, and then gathered carefully with thumb and finger, and at once laid into the basket or box in which they are to be marketed. If the bloom is rubbed off the peach by rough handling, its beauty of appearance is injured, and it will decay much sooner than if untouched. Formerly it was supposed that the peach must be gathered before fully ripe in order to ship it any distance, but practical experience has proved that ripe fruit, not quite soft, will carry, just as well as unripe and command a much better price.

Pears and apples should never be picked from the tree by breaking the stems. Unless the stem will separate freely from the tree, fruit is not ripe; it will neither eat nor cook good, and only fit for those who want a touch of the cholera morbus. Apples, as soon as gathered, may be sent direct to market; but nearly every variety of pear is improved in appearance and quality by keeping in close dark drawers, wrapped in flannel or soft paper, or packed in bran a few days.

Hiving Bees

In reply to an inquiry in the *Maine Farmer* about bees swarming in trees and how to prevent them from doing so, a correspondent says he knows of no remedy except to agitate the branch on which they are pitching. He adds:—"I think they ought not to be disturbed until they have pitched, and are all quiet—say from a quarter to half an hour after issuing from the hive. My method then is to take a pole about ten feet long, bend a hoop to the end of it about the size of a barrel, sewing the mouth of a bag to the hoop, the bag to be from twelve to fifteen inches deep take the pole in one hand hold the sack under the bees, and with the other take a pole or stick, with a hook or nail in the end of it, give a jerk, the bees will fall into the sack, when they can be lowered to the ground turning over the sack, and carefully placing the hive over them. Should they light on the trunk of a tree or a fence, take a wing and brush them off into a pan, turn them on the ground beside the hive set it over them, blocking up one side. Make a smoke on the windward side of the bees, which will quiet them so that they can handled with out danger of being stung. Use a veil and gloves in handling them."

Wilted Grass for Horses.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says; "Last week a neighbor lost a favorite horse from feeding wilted grass. Several cases have come to my knowledge, this summer, of horses becoming ill and refusing to eat at all, or refusing wilted grass when offered them. I have known, in years past, farmers taking their horse teams into the meadow and feeding them grass just cut, and have known horses to die from eating the same. They are usually ailing but a short time, but suffer extremely apparently."

The Carolina *Times* mentions a case where a friend threw a branch of wilted peach tree to a cow, the leaves of which she ate with avidity. This was in the evening. The following morning she was found dead in stable. Another cow also ate a potion of the leaves, and came near dying, too. Eaten in fresh state, the leaves are not dangerous neither are those of the sorghum plant, but in a wilted state both are dangerous food for stock. Why is this so?

Manual Indispensable to Good Farming.

There is an old maxim which read thus, "Without manure no good farming is possible." This is the important truth which we desire to impress indelibly upon the minds of our readers. It may "smell somewhat of the shop," but it is nevertheless a truth for all that. With an abundant supply of manure, and a judicious application, it is possible to cultivate anything. We do not by this mean to say, that the mere spreading of large quantities of manure over a piece of ground is all that is neccessary to the production of good crops. Deep ploughing, thorough pulverization, and continuous or at least frequent stirring of the soil, are indispensable requisites also.

It is the experience of every observing farmer, that very trifling obstacles frequently destroy crops on sterile soils. They are particularly affected by atmospheric causes. Not so with a well manured soil. In it vegetation will generally survive the severest droughts. The intense colds of our winters does not affect it so injuriously, late frosts are not so damaging, neither are insects so troublesome. "Such considerations as these," says a popular writer, 'explain the reason of the importance, every day greater, attached to manure; it explains, also, the reason of the incessant attempts made to improve our artificial manures, to increase their strength, and to discover any substance capable of fertilizing the soil; they give us and account, in short, of the perseverance the learned men show in their investigations to discover in the earth or sea a substance to suply the prineiples wanting in the soil, and which are so necessary to vegetation,—*Hammoton (N. J.) Culturist.*

POTATO PIE.—Peel and slice your potatoes very thin into a pie dish, between each layer of potatoes put a little chopped onion (three quarters of an ounce of onion is sufficient for a pound of potatoes,) between each layer sprinkle a little pepper and salt, put in a little water, and cut about two ounces of fresh butter into little bits, and lay it on the top, cover it close with puff paste. It will take about an hour and a half to bake it.

SEEDLESS MELONS.—To raise watermelons without seeds, the following plan has been successfully adopted by a planter in. Caddo parish, La.: After the vine is about two feet long, cover it at a point intermediate between the root. After it has taken root where it is covered, divide the vine between the old and new root, and the result will be that the melons will be seedless" wothout impairing their quality.

Raising Buckwheat.

This crop is regarded by many as a profitable one on land designed for winter wheat, in two-fold way—as a fertilizer in retaining moisture, in attracting and conveying to the soil the manurial agencies floating in the atmosphere, and at the same time, furnishing as a result, a welcom portion of bread material for family consumption without detriment to the crop of winter wheat which is to succeed. Instead of letting the ground rest, as it is termed in a fallowed state, it is made to furnish an extra crop counted as so much clear gain. It would be absurd to assume that a crop of anything, drawing nourishment from the soil, does not weaken, at all, its productive force unless it can be shown that with the draft made there is coupled a compensating power which serves to ballance the account. This restoring force is ascribed to buckwheat by many who have grown the article and watched the effect of the subsequent crop. On a certain occasion a field of ten acres—an old pasture—was summer fallowed quite early. It was a heavy clay soil, and after it had been turned over a couple of weeks, two acres of it were sown to buckwheat. It was well harrowed, in the direction of the furrows, and a very tolerable seed bed secured. The result was a good yield of buckwheat, while that of the winter variety, which followed was one quarter better on the buckwheat ground than that on the portion which was allowed to rest and recuperate in fallow. The stolen crop seemed to give a liveliness and elasticity to the soil of the section used, which the fallow rest failed to impart to the remainder.

Cutting Timber.

If oak, hickory, or chestnut be felled in August, in the second running of the sap, and barked, quit a large tree will season perfectly. And even the twigs will remain sound for years, whereas that cut in winter and remaining until the next fall, (as thick as your wrist,) will be completely sap-rotten and will be almost unfit for any purpose. The body of the oak split into rails will not last more than ten or twelve years. Chestnut will last longer but no comparison to that cut in August. Hickory cut in August is not subject to be worm eaten and lasts a long time for fencing. When I began farming in 1802, it was the practice to cut timber for post fencing in the winter. While oak posts and black oak rails, cut at that time, would not last more than ten or twelve years. In 1808. I began cutting timber in august. Many of the oak rails cut that year are yet sound as well as many of the chestnut. If the bark is not taken off this month, it will of itself peel off the second or third year, and leave the tree perfectly sound. The tops of the tree are also valuable for fuel than when cut in winter or spring. I advise young farmers to try the experiment, and if post fences do not last twice as long, I forfeit all my experience as worthless.—*Corespondent Rural American.*

ASHES FOR WHEAT.—A correspondent of the *Rural Gentleman*, in Delaware writes strongly in favor of ashes to prevent rust in wheat, and for experience has found them of great value. As to the effects of ashes, he says they have, like Shakespeare's "sherry sack," a "three fold operation:"

1. That ashes operate as a manure upon the wheat, even in the limited quantity of eight bushels per acre,

2. They push the wheat forward several days, and in time to escape the hot, sultry days which often prevail about the time of the "heading out" of the wheat, and

3. They strengthen the stem, giving it substance and solidity.

I may add one or two more properties of the ashes; they afford just that kind of pabulum or food which is best for the development and perfection of the grain, and will, in my opinion, also prevent the ravages of the fly in wheat. I would here venture the remark, that whoever once tries this experiment will thereafter spread his wood ashes upon his wheat, as above indicated, and in so doing he will effectually guard against and prevent "the rust" in his wheat.

Tools and Tool-Houses.

These every farmer should have; they can't get along decently without them; they are almost as indispensable as ploughs, harness, or anything else on the farm. They can be taken advantage of in rainy days with the greatest benefit.—There is almost always something that needs mending or making. Gates, plough-handles, plough-beams, harrows, cultivators, and a hundred other things could be made or mended if the farmer had the toolhouse and tools. Long and frequent journeys to the shops could be avoided.

The respective tools should have their respective places—be hung up with system, so that one can put his hand on them in the night as in the day. And an embargo must be made against lending. A positive rule must be made against it, or in six months the tool-house would be empty. So many farmers neglect to buy tools, and yet need them and borrow them of their enterprising neighbors, that it is impossible to keep a set of tools if lending is practised.

In erecting a tool-house you must have wide, high doors, so that gates, hay racks, and other large things can be taken in and out. It is a good place to rive out clap-boards, staves, &c. Have your timber sawed to the proper length; and when cold, stormy days come, you and your hands are not out of a job.

There are always about the house a great many patching jobs needed, such as hooping barrels, tubs, &c., and with hoop-poles on hand such jobs can also be attended to.

Every farmer will find a commodious toolhouse and good set of tools of the greatest advantage.—*Colman's Rural.*

Lespedeza Striata, or Bush Clover.

B. D. Lamsden of Eatonton, Georgia, in writing to the Agricultural Department in relation to the *Lespedeza striata*, or bush clover now attracting considerable attention in middle Georgia, says:

"It is an annual, and has leaves in threes, like clover. The flowers are like those of the pea and bean, and the seeds somewhat resemble a bean but are encased in seperate shields. Its history or origin no one knows. If it is the *Lespedeza striata* it came from Florida, as the plant which bears that name was discovered there and called after one of its governors. It was noticed in this county (Putnam) five or six years ago and has rapidly spread over the whole county; every field and lane having more or less in the fence corners. Last year I saved some of it for hay, which was readily eaten by all kind of stock. Sheep seem to delight in grazing upon it. I think it a great blessing for our old and worn-out fields. It grows in the shade and on the land where there is the least soil. It is rapidly destroying the broom-sedge of our old fields and is killing out the hated Bermuda grass, which is so troublesome on some of our plantations. It is not hard to destroy as, when, well pulled up, it dies. It is a great renovator of the soil—a fact which has been demostrated more than once to my certain knowledge.

"Our oldest citizens say it first appeared in the summer or spring after a severe, dry storm which occurred five or six years ago. One intelligent gentleman says that it was introduced in an adjoining county (Green) by a Scotchman who received the seed from Scotland. Whatever its name or origin makes little difference to the horses, mules, cows, and sheep."

DIRECTORY.

State Officers.

WILLIAM W. HOLDEN—*Governor.*
TOD R. CALDWELL—*Lieut.-Governor.*
H. J. MENNINGER—*Secretary of State.*
DAVID A. JENKINS—*Treasurer.*
HENDERSON ADAMS—*Auditor.*
CEBERN L. HARRIS—*Sup. Pub. Works.*
SAMUEL S. ASHLEY—*Sup. Pub. Inst'n.*
WILLIAM M. COLEMAN—*Attor.-General.*

Town Officers.

J. M. JUSTICE—Mayor.
J. V. WILKERSON,
F. D. WOOD,
R. W. LOGAN,
J. K. DECK,
} Commissioners
A. MOONEY—Marshall.
J. B. CARPENTER—Clerk.

Rutherford County Officers,

(Elected under the New Constitution,)

MARTIN WALKER,—*Sheriff.*
A. P. HOLLIFIELD,—*Coroner.*
J. B. CARPENTER.—*Co Clk Superior Court.*
ELI MCARTHUR.—*Treasurer.*
R. J. WILLIAMS.—*Register of Deeds.*
A. J. SCOGGIN.—*Surveyor.*
J. M. ALLEN.
B. W. ANDREWS.
JOS. TAYLOR,
C. J. SPARKS,
H. H. HOPPER.
} *Commissioners.*

Polk County Officers.

(Elected under the New Constitution.)

N. B HAMILTON—*Sheriff.*
JACKSON DALTON—*Coroner.*
R. S. ABRAMS—*County Clk Superior Court.*
J. A. THORN—*Register of Deeds.*
J. W. HAMPTON, SR.—*Treasurer.*
J. M. HAMMILTON—*Surveyor.*
J. F. RAINS,
BERRY THOMPSON
G. B. ARLEDGE
JOHN GIBBS,
MILES PADGETT.
} *Commissioners.*

McDowell County Officers.

J. J. BRADLEY—*Sheriff.*
D. W. JIMMERSON—*Coroner.*
J. H. DUNCAN—*Treasurer.*
D. O. H. W. GILLESPIE—*Co Clk Sup Court*
JOSIAH WISEMAN—*Surveyor.*
JOHN ROSS,
JAMES LEDBETTER,
J. W. MCCALL,
J. J. FALKNER,
J. C EVANS.
} *Commissioners.*

Mail Arrangements.

Cherryville Mail—arrives Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 12 m.
Leaves for Cherryville the same days at 1 p. m
Asheville Mail—arrives Mondays and Fridays at 6 p. m.
Leaves, for Asheville, Tuesdays and Saturdays at 6 a. m.
Greenville Mail—arrives Saturdays at 7 p. m.
Leaves Thursdays at 6 a. m.
Columbus Mail—arrives Tuesdays at 7 p. m.
Leaves Tuesdays at 6 a. m.
Morganton Mail—arrives Saturdays at 7 p. m.
Leaves Fridays at 6 a. m.
County Mail——arrives Thursdays at 12 m.
Leaves same day at 1 p. m.
Marion Mail——arrives Tuesdays and Fridays at 6 p. m.
Leaves Wednesdays and Saturdays at 6 a. m.

Town Ordinances.

1. Be it ordained by the Commissioners of Rutherfordton, and it is hereby ordained by the authority of the same, That a tax be, and the same is hereby laid of 15 cents on each One Hundred Dollars worth of real taxable property within the limits of said Town, for the year 1868, according to the assessment of 1868.
2. Be it further ordained That all persons liable to pay tax within the corporation be required to deliver to the Town Mayor on or before the 15th day of May, 1868, a list of all real taxable property for which they may be liable.—Any person failing to render such list shall be liable to a double tax, and the Mayor is hereby authorized to enforce this ordinance strictly according to Law.
3. Be it further ordained, That all the male citizens within the incorporate limits of said Town, liable by law to work on public roads, be and they are hereby required to work on the public streets and roads in the corporate limits of said Town six days in the year or forfeit to the Mayor fifty cents for each day they fail. Provided, That in the discretion of the Mayor such service may be rendered by substitute.
4. Be it further ordained, That the Mayor shall have power to divide the hands liable to work the streets and roads into companies, and order them to work on the streets or roads at any time or place he may deem necessary.—Provided, That he cannot require them to work more than six days in the year.
5. Be it further ordained, That any person who shall ride or hitch any horse, or other animal, on the side walks of the streets of the Town shall forfeit and pay a fine of One Dollar for the first and Two Dollars for each additional offence, to be collected and expended as other taxes for improvement of the Town.
6. Be it further ordained, That a tax of Twenty-Five Dollars be and is hereby levied on all retailers of Spirituous Liquors in quantities less than five gallons, Provided the sale of liquors by regular Physicians, strictly for medicinal purposes, shall be excepted from the operation of this ordinance.
7. Be it further ordained, That a tax of Five Dollars be laid upon all itenerant persons not residents of said county, who shall offer for sale any Goods, Wares or Merchandise within the limits of said Town.
8. Be it further ordained, That a tax of Ten Dollars be imposed for the exhibition of Equestrian and Menagerie performances, and a tax of Five Dollars is imposed upon all Shows generally known as Side-Shows, Slight-of-Hand, Magic Lanterns, or other exhibitions for pay, for each day or night shown or exhibited within the corporation.
9. Be it further ordained, That a fine of One Dollar be and is hereby imposed on all persons who shall discharge fire arms of any kind within the incorporation, except that portion of said incorporation lying east of the branch, east of said Town.

J. M. JUSTICE, *T. M.*
J. B. CARPENTER, *Clerk.*

RUTHERFORDTON.

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